APRIL, 1912

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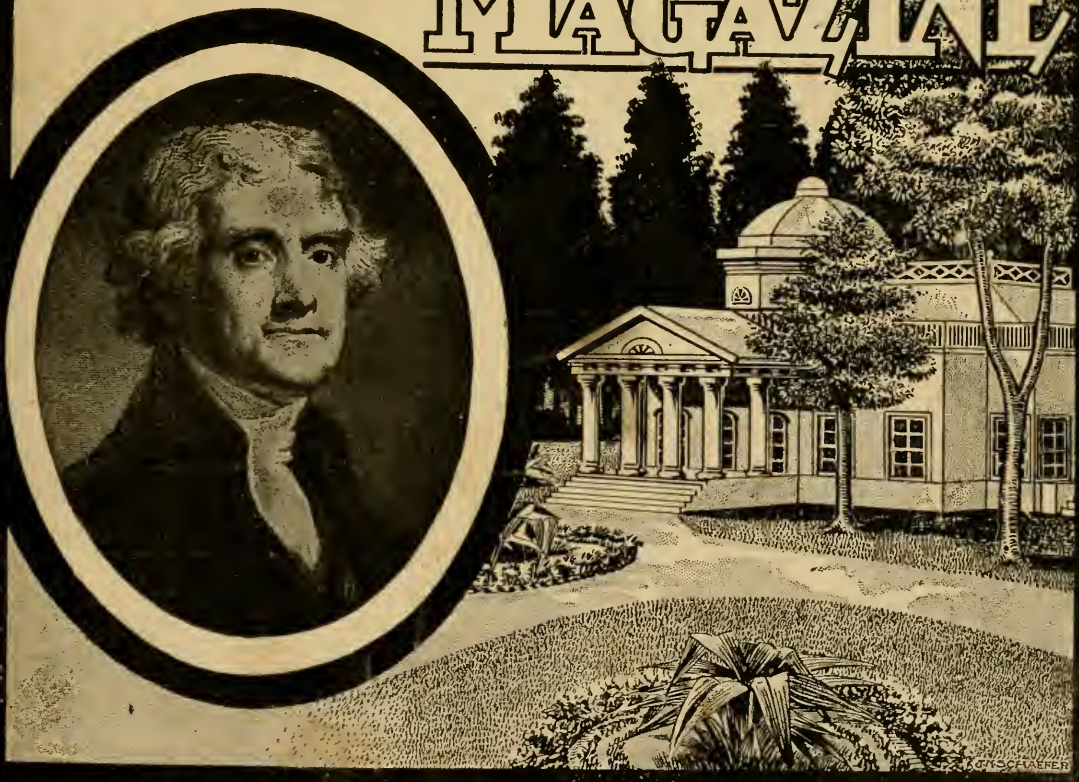

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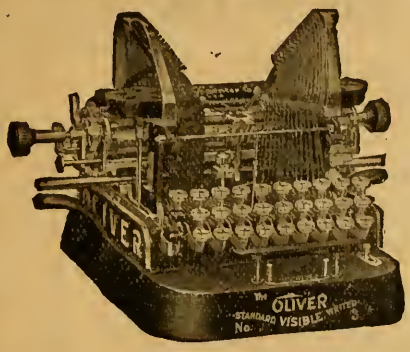

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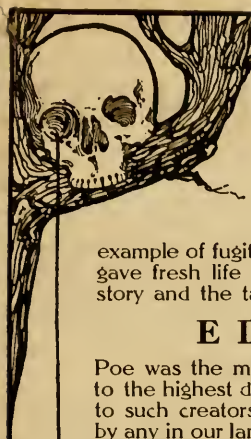

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Joel Chandler Harris
("Uncle Remus")

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Story of the South and West

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Sir Thomas Dale was setting out for England, he appointed Sir George Yeardly to act as his Deputy, until the Company should name his successor.

Yeardly is described in the old chronicles as a man of mild disposition, and of respectable ability. But he laid the foundation for the Massacre of 1622; and he did it with very great stupidity and barbarity.

When the great Powhatan made friends with the English, upon the occasion of his daughter's marriage to Rolfe, the Chickahominy Indians followed his example. They went so far as to enter into a treaty with Sir Thomas Dale, by which they bound themselves to furnish warriors to aid the English in military emergencies; and also to pay, as annual tribute, 100 bushels of corn. What the Chickahominies were to get, in return, is not known. There is nothing in the record to show why this warlike, independent tribe should have put its neck through the yoke. They were not coerced, and apparently, they were not to be given any equivalent.

But it seems certain that the tribute was paid, as long as Dale remained Governor. When he returned to England, the Indians considered the bargain terminated. There can be no reasonable doubt that they were sincere in contending that, since Dale's departure, they owed no corn to the English.

The cause of war was contemptibly, pitiably trivial, reminding one of the Italian bloodshed over an old well-bucket. (See note at end of chapter.) But Sir George Yeardly selected 100 of his most sturdy colonists, and marched amain into the Chickahominy country, intent upon the 100 bushels of corn—one bushel to each Christian, church-going soldier.

Because the corn was not immediately forthcoming, Sir George opened fire upon the surprised and unprepared Indians, killing 12, and taking 12 prisoners. These captives he held until he got his blood-stained, murder-tainted 100 bushels of corn.

Somehow, this cold-blooded and miserably mean episode impresses me as being one of the foulest blots upon early colonial history. Mind you! the Chickahominies had never derived the slightest benefit from the treaty. There was no consideration moving from the English for the corn. They had already received 200 bushels, for which

nothing was paid. And now because the Indians claimed that the voluntary, one-sided, jug-handled agreement was at an end, they must be indiscriminately shot down, like wild beasts!

If such a heartless Governor as Yeardly was mild to the Indians, what must the Red-skins have not suffered under the harsh ones?

In John Rolfe's narrative, is this paragraph:

"In December (1619) Captain Ward returned from Potomac, the people there dealt falsely with him, so that he took 800 bushels of corn from them per force."

In other narratives, we are coolly told that white settlers forcibly ejected the Indians from their farms and villages.

Opecancannough busied himself to negotiate between the Chickahominies and the English. His adroit manipulations prevented that war-like tribe from rushing to arms. *But Opecancannough himself immediately fell to work on his plan to organize the dreadful massacre of* 1622. Historians who dwell at length on that bloody reprisal, fail utterly to mention the provocation.

In that connection, let me quote a passage from David Ramsey's "United States," a work which has long been out of print:

"The Indians, at their (the English) settlement, performed many acts of kindness to the English settlers. They instructed them in the manner of planting and dressing the Indian corn. They carried them upon their backs, through rivers and waters; and served them instead of boats and bridges. They gave them much information about the country; and when the English, *or their children,* were lost in the woods, *and were in danger of perishing,* they conducted them to their wigwams, fed and restored them to their families and parents." (Italics mine.)

We have already seen how the colonists themselves admitted that the generous Red-skins saved them all from perishing, during the Starving Time.

Was there ever ingratitude more foul and black than was atrociously manifested by such Governors as Sir George Yeardly, *the mild?*

* * * * * *

Suddenly returns to Virginia Captain Samuel Argall, this time as Governor.

On his former appearance in the New World, he had been a ship's Captain, full of dash and devoid of scruple. You will remember that it was he who redeemed from captivity the young Englishman, Henry Spelman, or Spilman, son of the eminent Sir Harry Spelman, the English antiquary. Captain Argall, on a second trip to the Potomac kidnapped Pocahontas, and thus became the indirect cause of her sadly premature death.

Despatched by his superior, Sir Thomas Dale, Captain Argall had sailed to what is now called Nova Scotia, and had obliterated a tress-passing French and Roman Catholic settlement. He set fire to the houses, but allowed the dispossessed Frenchmen to return to France.

On his way back to Virginia, he called in upon the Hollanders who had settled at Albany. Ordered them to lower the Dutch flag, and to run up that of England. They did it. Then, when Captain Argall

had contentedly resumed his voyage, the Dutchmen, equally as contented, ran up their own flag again.

Argall, after these picturesque exploits, returned to England, where he paid his court so well to princes, potentates and powers, influential in the Virginia Company, that he obtained the appointment as Governor to replace Dale.

Having been master of a ship, Argall's temper was arbitrary and despotic. No sooner had he reached Virginia than he revived the old barbarous code of martial law. He not only ruled the colony with a rod of iron, but he exploited it for his own gain. His land was tilled by the Company's servants, and he even had the hardihood to compel the laborers on Lord Delaware's plantations to work upon his. When Brewster, Lord Delaware's manager, objected to this outrage, Argall had him arrested *for mutiny,* and was about to have him shot! Brewster managed to escape to England, where he created a sensation by his stories of Argall's cruelty and rapacity.

The Company deprived him of his office, and appointed Sir George Yeardly to take his place. But Argall, nothing daunted, loaded up his loot on a ship, and blithely sailed away, not deigning to linger until his successor should arrive. He landed safely in England, and paid assiduous court to the King, who was graciously pleased to elevate Captain Samuel to the ancient and honorable order of Knighthood. Thenceforth, and to the end of time, he is Sir Samuel Argall.

By the way, this honorable man very nearly won the proud distinction of being the introducer of negro slavery into Virginia. Before he was made Governor, he had made a dash at the West Indies, had violently separated the Spaniards from a cargo of their negroes; and had then set sail, fully intending to sell those darkies in Virginia. Instead, he landed in the Bermuda Islands, quite by accident; and being there, he disposed of his captives at satisfactory prices.

All of which goes to prove that honors, riches and titles, in those days, as in ours, fell with cheerful eccentricity upon their lucky possessors.

By the charter of 1612, the Company was given the authority to hold meetings once a week, or as often as it deemed necessary. It was also empowered to hold General Courts, quarterly. They were granted full powers to make such laws for Virginia, as they saw fit, provided always such legislation should not be in conflict with that of England.

It is an extraordinary thing that a King so jealous of his "divine right" prerogatives as James I., should have unmuzzled so dangerous an enemy as Free Speech. It was not long before the General Court of this huge London Company became a noisy, turbulent little parliament. Its debates attracted general attention. In royal circles, alarm began to be felt at the spirit of independence shown by the popular party in the Courts. The Spanish Ambassador, Gondomar, warned the King that the seditious Virginia Courts were but a seminary to a seditious Parliament.

They did, in fact add much fuel to the flame of resistance to the dogma, that the King's will should be the law of the land. In the end, the Court party in the Company was defeated. That the people's will should be the law, was the principle adopted by the General Court.

Remember that the London corporation included such men as the Lord Mayor of the City, the Earl of Warwick, Lord Delaware, Sir Thomas Dale, Sir Thomas Smith, and many other noblemen, and wealthy merchants. The people's party was led by Sir Edwin Sandys, the Earl of Southampton, and a most estimable and modest clergyman and scholar, Nicholas Ferrar.

At the electon of 1619, Sir Edwin Sandys had been elected Treasurer, over the rich merchant and court candidate, Sir Thomas Smith. The displeasure of King James was great. As the election of 1620 approached, he intervened to prevent the recurrence of so objectionable a proceeding. "Elect the Devil, if you will, but not Sir Edwin Sandys," said the King.

When the day for the election came, there were 500 members of the Company present. The customary three candidates were put in nomination, one of them being Sandys: and the balloting was about to begin, when certain courtiers, sent by the King, entered, and informed the assembly that their royal master forbade them to elect Sandys. These courtiers then called out the four names, offered by the King, from which the Company might make a selection. The first of these, was that of Sir Thomas Smith. The others were the rich merchant's intimate friends.

First in profound silence, then with murmurs, the assembly received this tyrannical message. "Read the Charter!" is the cry. It is produced, and read. It gave to the Company freedom to choose its treasurer. "His Majesty must be laboring under some misunderstanding," they exclaim. His Majesty was; and his Majesty immediately got a foretaste of what his son, Charles, drank to the bitter, fatal dregs, some years later—for he had to back down.

The assembly allowed two of the royal candidates to be voted for, but nominated Southampton, also. After a ballot in which he received nearly all the votes, his election was announced by acclamation. With triumphant, defiant shouts of, "Southampton! Southampton!" the meeting broke up.

Previous to this, Sir George Yeardly had arrived in Virginia, with instructions to grant the colony *Home Rule!*

This was the first and immediate outcome of the victory which Sir Edwin Sandys had won over Sir Thomas Smith—or rather the victory of people's rights, over the "divine right of Kings."

Yeardly came, April 19, 1619: in June, he issued writs for the election of representatives by Jamestown, Charles City, the City of Henricus, Hampton, Martin, Brandon, Smythe's Hundred, Martin's Hundred, Argall's Gift, Lawne's Plantation, and Flowerdien Hundred. (By "Plantation," the reader will of course understand that a "settlement" is meant.)

In consequence of these writs of election, Burgesses were chosen; and on July 30, 1619, the first legis-

lative body of white men, that ever met in America, was organized in the old church at Jamestown. *Here was the beginning of Democratic government and institutions, in the New World.*

In the first of New World legislatures, the American spirit of independence displayed itself. The Burgesses demanded the right to pass on, and approve, or reject, all the orders which the London Company might send out.

The Governor and his Council sat with the representatives of the people—two of these being allowed to each town, hundred, or plantation. This General Assembly was to convene once a year; and it not only made laws, but imposed penalties, for we find that, at the very beginning, the Burgesses ordered that Captain Powell's lewd and lascivious servant should be whipped and nailed to the pillory.

The Burgesses were likewise mindful of their own personal interests: a tax of one pound of the best tobacco was levied upon every male, above sixteen, to pay the salaries of these statesmen.

At first, the laws enacted by the General Assembly required the approval of the London Company. But when the government of the colony should be once "well framed and settled, * * * no orders of court, afterwards, shall bind the said colony, *unless they be ratified in like manner in the General Assemblies.*"

This final grant is dated July 24, 1621; and the historian is justified in describing it, as "the first charter of free government in America."

Note: During the Middle Ages, Pisa and Bologna—two Italian republics—went to war over an old well-bucket. Before peace could be restored, 10,000 men had been slaughtered. Sorry to admit that I cannot tell you which republic got the bucket. Historians have a provoking habit of leaving one's curiosity unsatisfied.

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

[For the individual Roman Catholic, who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I shall deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter XX.

SOME years ago, Ed Butler, the St. Louis boss and boodler, said "If a priest should spit in my face, I would not resent it. A priest cannot commit sin."

If that be true, how comes it that the priests confess to one another? *How does it happen that the Papa himself has a confessor?*

The very word, "confess," implies guilt. What does the Papa pour into the ear of his confessor, if not the mournful story of his sins?

Pause a moment, and reflect upon the stupendous contradiction involved in the Papa's having need of a Soul Doctor and of Absolution!

(1) Can the infallible Papa fall into error and sin? Is his infallibility good for export purposes, only? Is he fallible, as to himself, and infallible to everybody else?

(2) What becomes of his Vicarship, when he kneels to his confessor? He is the Christ on earth; he has charge of the keys of Heaven and of Hell; he has dominion over all monarchs and peoples; he is above the human Law; he has control of the inexhaustable bank, in which have been deposited the graces and merits of the Saints, over and above what they need for their own salvation; and he can check out the deposits by signing Indulgences; he is Lord of Lords here on earth, and being a priest, cannot sin: Yet we see him prostrate at the feet of another priest.

Acting as confessor, this other priest is another Christ: *What has Papa become?* When confessing his sins, what *is* Papa, anyway?

However, my purpose in this chapter is, to point out the terrible consequences of believing that a priest cannot sin. Let the children be so taught in the parochial schools, in pious homes, in the cathedrals and in the books which are placed in their little hands—what will be the natural results? The priests will dominate those children throughout their lives. But evil as that doctrine is, for men, that evil bears no comparison to the havoc wrought by it, upon the women and girls. That topic has been touched on in a previous chapter; but we will now consider it with the elaboration which the subject deserves.

Let me remind you that the Romanists borrowed the Confessional from one of the most licentious religions of antiquity. The priests of Bacchus were not allowed to marry; but, by way of ample

compensation, they were given the right to require confessions from their female votaries. These confessions were in private, the priest and the woman being alone. By means of certain questions, the priests readily discovered those of their penitents who had amorous inclinations. You can imagine the rest. You can also imagine what debauchery such a wine-god priesthood brought upon the infatuated women.

The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional

But were the priests of Bacchus any fuller of red blood and sexual passion than are the Roman priests of our own time? Have men ceased to be men? Does the shaving of the

crown, and the wearing of a chemise and a petticoat extinguish the flames of natural desire?

Use your common sense. Celibacy was a cloak to promiscuous indulgence, in old Rome; and it serves the same purpose, now. I shall prove this by overwhelming, incontestible evidence.

When the Fathers of the Roman Church first renounced marriage and women, they suffered terribly. The anchorite was really the victim of a self-imposed martyrdom, as the fakirs of India are at this day.

Determined to resist and subdue the sexual desire, the Father's resorted to unheard of expedients, to cool the blood. They half-starved themselves: they eschewed rich food: they never touched wine: their diet was the herb and the fruit: they slept on the bare floor—sometimes on the cold ground. But even all this was unavailing: the burning of the God-implanted sexual desire tormented these poor, deluded fanatics. To chill the amorous impulse, they stood in the icy river, rolled over in the snow, or ran naked into the woods to exhaust themselves by exertion and exposure. So hard did the Fathers find it to preserve chastity!

But look at the faces of the priests of modern Rome! Study the lustful mouths, bulging eyes, dew-lapped necks, and plethoric physical robustness of those Irish O'Donahues, and Cronins, and Phelans, O'Connors, O'Connells, and O'Briens!

We present to you the faces of certain well-known American prelates—among them, that of Boston's new Cardinal, O'Connell. *Look upon those faces, carefully. FOLLOW THE SENSUAL LINES OF THOSE PICTURED COUNTENANCES.*

To do him justice, Gibbons, of Baltimore, mingles the spiritual, with his refined craft and duplicity. There is nothing coarse, in his lineaments. Farley, of New York, has the face of a kind-hearted man, though his lips are thick, and his person an evidence of rich living.

But Cardinal O'CONNELL IS DIFFERENT. If I were asked to select a countenance to illustrate a poem on "Wine, Woman and Song," I would as lief have O'Connell's face, as that of Brigham Young or King Harry VIII.

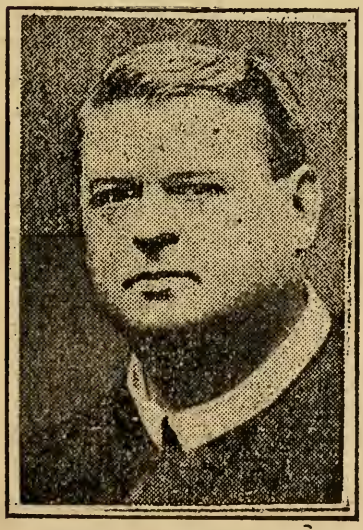
Please study O'Connell's face. *Did you ever see such pride, arrogance and lust?* Does that Irishman look like he had ever stood in the snow, to cool his blood? Does he resemble a man who denies himself wine, and eschews rich meats? Does he look like a man who drank ice-water and fed on chicken-soup? Do you think he has waded into freezing rivers, to chill his natural desires? *Just use your common sense, when you study that arrogant, haughty, voluptuous countenance!*

Somebody, writing to *Collier's*—a Romanist paper—about O'Connell's ordination, in Rome, Italy (where he paid $10,000 for his Red-hat,) told us that O'Connell smiled *"a terrible smile,"* as he took *the oath which no honest, loyal American can take. HE SWORE TO PERSECUTE, AND HE SMILED "A TERRIBLE SMILE," AS HE DID SO.*

Well, I am going to give this chemise-wearing hypocrite a chance to bring his "terrible smile" into

action. The writer of these lines *deliberately dares that disloyal Irishman to begin what was in his mind, when he smiled his "terrible smile."* The writer of these lines ventures to warn the un-American smiler of the "terrible smile" that if he does not adopt a tone that is more American, *we Americans may compel him to draw in his horns.*

Not always will we tolerate *the kidnapping of our children by these*



The above group presents typical faces. We leave the names out. Those men stand high in the Roman Church—one of them being Cardinal O'Connell. His are the most forbidding features of any. That of the New York arch-bishop shows a frightfully coarse, sensual, over-bearing man.

Romanist priests. NOT ALWAYS WILL WE SUBMIT TO THEIR POLLUTING THE FLOWER OF OUR WOMANHOOD.

"A terrible smile," as he took, that foul, disloyal oath! *Let that presumptious and insolent priest be very careful!* Every true-hearted American *hates him,* with an intensity of passion, which the slightest additional aggressiveness on his part *MAY RENDER UNCONTROLLABLE.*

Heavens above! Think of a negro priest taking the vow of chastity, and then being turned loose among women who have been taught that a priest cannot sin! It is a thing to make one shudder.

In the Confessional, these modern priests of Bacchus can and do, learn which of their penitents are tortured by the sexual desire. In the Confessional, the priest himself is *tempted.* After the confession, the tempted man and woman have the *opportunity* to gratify their passions—for the sacristy key is carried by the priest, and the sacristy is a very private, convenient place.

Take a young Irish priest, full sexed, well fed on rich food and wine, and unmarried. Some lovely girl, in reply to *questions which the law should prohibit,* tells him, with her luscious lips nearly touching his red face, that she is troubled by the treacherous inclination—what will be the effect upon *him?* The young people are alone: they both are tempted: and the private place is close at hand! Can anybody doubt that the penitent and the priest are both destroyed, morally, by the Confessional?

Suppose a negro priest to be in the Confessional, with a white woman outside, confessing that she has trouble in controlling her lusts! It makes one's flesh creep to conjure up the picture.

But they will say that the black priests cannot exercise their office among white women. How can it be helped? *A priest is a priest, regardless of color.* How can the Bishop keep track of the negro priests? How can the white priests know the whereabouts of the black priest, at all hours? And if the negro priest lays his command upon the white "Sister," what is she to do? Her education has caused her to regard the priest as more to be honored than the angels: in her mind, the priest is a supernatural being who cannot sin. How can Lucian Johnson, or any other Romanist, know that the negro priests will never seek the Sisters on the streets, or in the retreat parlor of the cloister-convent?

The Latin race does not share our racial prejudice against the African: immigration has brought, and will continue to bring, millions of the Latins to this country. Already, the Italian, French, Spaniards, Portuguese are here in great numbers. *Of the* 12,000,000 *Romanists,* 4,000,000 *are Poles.* Nearly all of these are Roman Catholics. What will be the consequence to them, and to our future, of the negro priests, the Confessional, and the Retreat Parlor?

But it is time we were learning what questions the priest *must* put to girls and married women when they come to confess. First, I take those enumerated by Margaret L. Shepperd, who spent several years in a convent at Bristol, England,

after having been seduced by a young priest. She was so horrified by what she saw, heard and suffered in that "hell on earth"—as she called it—that she escaped from it, and renounced the Roman faith. She was befriended by the Salvation Army; and she became the author of two books—"My Life in a Convent," and "Secret Confession to the Priest exposed."

From this last I quote: "Then the Roman Church claims that the system of auricular or secret confession to the priest alone has a great moral restrictive power over vice and immorality—when it can in reality be, nay, has been proved that the debasing and demoralizing influence of this same doctrine of auricular confession has made it imperative, to build just such cloistered institutions as the Convent of Arno's Court, Bristol, where the victims of a debauched and lecherous priesthood are incarcerated, so that the world may not become familiar with the thousands of lives ruined and blasted through priestly solicitation. Yes. it is true the world does not know these things; but a time is coming when, at the judgment bar of God, these vile debauchers of innocent girlhood and pure womanhood will meet their victims; and there, before the assembled hosts, their villiany and hyprocisy will be uncovered; when their victims, one by one, will point them out; when murdered infants will rise up against them; when outraged husbands will claim God's justice, and the tortured of the inquisitorial dungeons will cry out against them. And there, at that tribunal where all are judged alike, these priests will receive from God a just but awful punishment.

"Today they point at me, call me an adventuress, an impostor, a woman to be shunned by all good people; and in this they are upheld by many so-called Christians. Oh, that those who believe all that the Catholic priesthood say about me, could know them as I do! Where did I inherit all the evil they accuse me of, but from a system born in hell—nurtured in hell! Where did I learn so much of the sins against the decalogue? 'In the sacred precincts of the Confessional.' Where were my ears polluted by vile, filthy insinuations? 'In the Confessional.' Who instructed me as to the sins of impurity, and defined to me the sins against nature? The priest, in the sacred precincts of the Confessional.

"Who was it that, on one occasion, asked whether, when kneeling before the image of Christ on the cross, I was tempted with thoughts of licentiousness in regard to our Lord? Who? The debauched and debased priest, Father Hayes, in the Confessional of the Convent in Arno's Court, Bristol. Who was it told me there was nothing unusual in a priest having illicit intercourse with women, and that often it was the only way by which a priest could keep from open scandal; that the church dealt leniently with such extreme cases; and that by a woman's submitting herself to a priest under such circumstances, she was doing that which would find favor in the eyes of of God? Who told me this? The holy confessor, in the sacrd precincts of the Confessional of the Convent, in Bristol, one Saturday afternoon, when he

was sitting there in a state of intoxication.

"Who was it ruined my life and made me what I was in the convent? Father Egan, who today, restored to the bosom of the Holy Mother Church, shielded under her protection, celebrates mass, forgives sins, and buries the dead, receives the homage alike of Catholic and Protestant.

"And so it is ever. The weak suffer; the strong escape. Yet would I warn Protestant mothers against sending their daughters to a convent school for the purpose of being educated. The time may come when, with anguish of soul and many bitter tears, you will regret the step.

"You were, perhaps warned by friends that your daughter's religious views would be tampered with, but you would not heed. Your husband was aspiring for some political recognition, and the best way to secure the requisite number of votes, was through the priest; and to reach the priest your daughter had to be sent to the convent school. Your husband's name would then be on the list of sympathizers, his check-book would be at the command of the bishop. Your husband succeeded for a few years; he was a political light, his name appeared in the prints of our daily papers. He was banqueted; asked to preside at meetings at which Roman Catholic priests and prelates were the principal speakers, and, as you walked down the street or entered the hall of reception, you heard the whispers: 'there is Mrs. ———, the wife of Senator ———, or, Congressman ———, or, Mayor ———,' and as with feelings of satisfaction you took your seat, your foolish nature did not realize the sacrifice that had been offered up.

"How swiftly the years have flown by! Your eye has lost its lustre, your step is feeble, your hair is white. Your husband's voice is no longer heard on the political platform; his name appears not in print, and no one troubles (as far as politics are concerned), whether he is alive or dead. He is past his usefulness, and long ago another was found to take his place; and now you sit together with nothing of the past but its memories.

"Hush! Out from that past rises a figure; she stands before you a young, bright, happy, joyous girl, your daughter. And as you look upon her in the light of those earlier years, you remember that you had hoped to spend the evening of your life surrounded by her love. You looked forward to the time when her children would climb to your knee, and you would caress and love them. You pictured yourself at last having your daughter to be with you when the final parting came. This was your dream. Now the awakening. Where is your daughter? Do you see the walls of the convent looming out in the distance? Come with me, and, as you pass through the massive door, follow me. Here we are, in the cloister. We walk along until we come to the church. We enter, and there in the pews are the silent, black-robed Sisters. The stillness of death prevails; the evening shadows have deepened into the shades of night; the lamps burn low. Now, we see one of the Sisters approach the organ and softly the notes of the "Stabat Mater" roll out. The

rest of the nuns unrobe their left shoulder, and as they join in singing the "Stabat Mater," they hold in their hands a discipline, and with it they scourge themselves. Do you see that young nun on the left hand side of the organ? Do you see the pain expressed in every feature? Do you hear the groan that involuntarily escapes from her lips? Do you recognize in that pale, sad-faced, black-robed woman the bright, happy girl you sent to the convent school?

"Let us proceed further. We leave the church, and ascending twelve steps, find ourselves in a room comfortably furnished. A man in the guise of a priest of Rome is seated on a sofa. The door opens, and the young girl we noticed in the church enters the room, and, as with down-cast eyes she kneels to receive the priest's blessing, a look of loathing and fear passes over her features.

" 'Come and sit down here, my daughter; I desire to speak with you.'

"With trembling steps the girl approaches the sofa, and the priest, taking her hand says: 'why so fearful of me, my child?'

"And, drawing her down beside him, he places his arm around her waist; his hot, liquor-fumed breath fans her cheeks. His coarse, sensual lips are pressed to hers; she shrinks away in loathing; her womanly modesty is outraged; she struggles to liberate herself—too late! Poor helpless girl, she has not sufficient physical strength to overcome the wretch who holds her; her piercing cries for help are not heard outside the room. Exhausted, she lies in the grasp of this spiritual father and before she leaves the room, her purity has been violated, and she becomes the toy and convenience of this 'protector' (sic), of morality.

"Follow me again. We pass down two flights of stairs—how dark and damp it is here! Come, let us peep through the door at the end of the cloister. Hush, tread softly! What sound is that we hear? Sobs? Surely not sobs? Yes; deep, bitter, heartrending sobs! Look in; do you see the figure lying prostrate on the floor? Ah, how the sobs shake her slight frame! She speaks. What does she say? Bend your ear and listen: 'Oh God! my God, let me die! I cannot bear this any longer; I gave up all—father, mother, home, friends, because they told me—thase priests and nuns, that by doing so I would secure Heaven. Where is the joy, where is the peace they depicted to me? Oh years that have passed, come back, come back to me. Give me once more my youth, my mother's love, my home, my innocence, my peace of mind, mmy faith in God. Oh for one hour of the time when I was free; before I ever entered into this hell upon earth. Oh, mother, mother, would to God I had died ere you ever sent me to the convent school, for I am ruined body and soul.' Ah me, how she sobs. Do you recognize in her, your once happy daughter? What! you cannot bear it? Yet you sold her to Rome, and, your price was the satisfaction of your own, and your husband's political and social ambition. What do you think of your bargain? What do you say? You would recall the years if you

could, and undo all the past? Too late, too late, and soon at God's judgment bar you must render up an account.

"Oh Rome, thou woman arrayed in purple and scarlet, thou mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, thou who hast become drunken with the blood of the saints, thou destroyer of the home, thou enemy of pure womanhood, thou murderer of helpless infancy, I know thee as thou art. I, WHO HAVE SUFFERED, I WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN BLIGHTED BY THY BANEFUL INFLUENCES, I RISE FROM MY DARKNESS, THY IMPURITIES AND OPPRESSIONS, TO WARN THE WOMANHOOD OF THE LAND AGAINST THEE, THOU RAVENING WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING."

Is America under the foot of that chemise-wearing Italian?

The Money Trust

Hon. Robert L. Henry

IT IS not possible for Congress to intelligently determine the vital economic questions of currency legislation, the trusts and interstate commerce corporations, until it understands the methods of the insidious and almost supreme money power. No effective investigation can be made into the ramifications of the one without an examination of the other, so intimately interrelated and linked together are the three great problems.

Nor can a cumbersome committee of twenty-odd members efficiently do the work. It will require a small and compact body of not exceeding seven men to make a wise, sane, painstaking and exhaustive inquiry. To break the resolution into five fragments and refer it to five separate committees would be sending it to an aggregate of 98 members to try to do this work, at a cost of $200,000, whereas, a select committee can take every phase of the resolution and make a genuine investigation at a cost of $50,000, and save the Government $150,000, thus preventing the perpetration of a sham investigation on the country.

It is not my purpose here to recount how during the last five years the money power has become concentrated in New York City, but I will state it as a fact that more than 75 per cent of our financial resources, industrial and railroad corporations, is now dominated and controlled by not more than four small groups of financiers. This financial oligarchy now has within its grasp the resources, deposits and funds with the power to paralyze competition and destroy competitors. They now have at their feet in merciless subjection more than 75 per cent of the vast army of banks and bankers throughout the country. They are combined and acting in strict accord with the railroads and industrial trusts by throwing their protecting arms around them with the avowed purpose of assassinating in business all their competitors. There is no great railway system of the country that is not in combination with them and under their protecting wing, and in identically the same way the rapacious trusts are sheltered by them.

To illustrate how successfully they have concentrated the money and resources of the country in their hands, I quote from the recent statement of Mr. Samuel Untermyer, a public-spirited attorney of New York city. He said:

"The protecting wing of these banking houses is a thing that has got to be considered by Congress in legislating in respect to the trusts. * * * It is because of what seems to me to be the gravity of the situation that as a decent citizen I feel that we ought to know where we are drifting, so that when we come to meet these questions of currency legislation and the question of the trusts, Congress will have the data on which to act. You see how these things interlock with one another. These two or three great issuing houses in New York, having taken under their wings the great railroad and industrial corporations of the country, and acting as their bankers and sponsors and protectors, naturally are entitled to conduct the finances of those companies and to direct them, and that means that this vast sum of money of all these corporations is under their control; whether they are on the boards of these corporations makes no difference. * * * They have all this money, the railroad money, the money of these trusts, the money of the Steel Corporation. The Steel Corporation has an average

daily balance of $75,000. The number of other trusts runs the average daily balance up to hundreds of millions of dollars. * * * But now this money has drifted to New York, and you see institutions there now with balances of from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000—daily balances—when 15 years ago, I believe, the biggest bank or trust company in New York did not have $15,000,000. I think perhaps $20,000,000 was the largest, at the outside. I think the Chemical National Bank has the largest bank balance. It is a mere pigmy now, these things having mounted up with such rapidity."

We should have light as to how these things have been accomplished and individual cases uncovered that would illustrate the system and point the way to sane and wholesome remedial legislation.

It is also certain that these same financial interests of New York have a close community of interest with the bankers of the money centers of Europe and act together in protecting one another and destroying competition. In view of these alarming financial conditions, I charge and state that it can be established by indisputable evidence:

First. That the aforesaid groups of individuals, firms, national banks and moneyed corporations are in agreement and combined together with fixed purpose, and are now managing the financial affairs of practically all the interstate railroads and 75 per cent or more of the industrial corporations, joined together as trusts, and are using as they see proper the bankable funds of such interstate and industrial corporations. They require these funds to be deposited in New York and to be placed at their disposal.

Second. I charge, and it can be established upon proper inquiry by a committee with ample power, that the management of the finances of many of the great industrial and railroad corporations of the country engaged in interstate commerce is concentrated in the hands of a few groups of financiers in the City of New York and their associates, and that these groups, by reason of their control over the funds of such corporations and the power to dictate the depositories of such funds, and by other means, have secured domination over many of the leading national banks and other moneyed institutions in the City of New York and in other cities to which they direct such patronage and over the vast deposits of money and of other assets of such institutions, and enabled them and their associates to direct the operations of the latter in the use of the money belonging to their depositors and stockholders and in the purchase and sale of securities and loans of money by such banks and other moneyed institutions, and that these institutions and their funds are being used to further the enterprises and increase the profits of these groups of individuals from such transactions, and to augment their power over the finances of the country, and to control the money, exchange, security and commodity markets, and prevent competition with the enterprises in which they are interested, to the detriment of interstate commerce and the welfare of the general public.

Third. These same groups of financiers have so entrenched themselves in their control of the aforesaid financial institutions and otherwise in the direction of the finances of the country, that they are enabled thereby to use the funds and property of the great national banks and other moneyed corporations in the leading money centers to control the security and commodity markets, to regulate the interest rates for money, to create, avert, and compose panics at will, to dominate the New York Stock Exchange and the various clearing house associations throughout the country, and through

such associations and by reason of their aforesaid control over the railroads, industrial corporations and moneyed institutions, and in other ways resulting therefrom, have wielded and are wielding a power over the business, commerce, credits and finances of the country that is despotic and perilous and deadly to the welfare of the entire country. And that their directorates and agencies are so interlocked and inseparably linked with one another that it would be impossible to adequately and fairly investigate the affairs of the others. Hence, we cannot possibly know what paths to travel in regard to currency, trust and interstate commerce legislation till a genuine investigation is had.

Fourth. I charge, and it can be proved, that these national banks and other moneyed corporations, controlled, as above set out, by the moneyed oligarchy of four groups, have been and are engaged in the promotion, underwriting and exploitation of speculative enterprises, many of them dangerous and questionable, wild and visionary, and many in other countries, and in the purchase and sale of securities of such enterprises, and in acquiring stocks of other banks and banking institutions, and in absorbing and crushing competitors by the use of their concentrated corporate funds for such purposes, either alone, or in conjunction, agreement and conspiracy with one another. These financiers in New York have in their hands hundreds of millions of dollars that should be distributed throughout the country where the railroads run and the corporations have their domiciles. These men have in their coffers in New York all this railroad money, the money of the trusts, the money of the Steel Corporation. The average daily balance of the Steel Corporation amounts to $75,000,000, and added to that the money of the other trusts and the railroads, runs the amount up into the hundreds of millions of dollars. The country is poorly advised as to the real situation and as to how these things can be and have been done! And we sorely need the blazing light of publicity in order to wisely legislate on the Three Great Problems in hand.

Fifth. These individuals, firms, national banks, and moneyed corporations are interested in and connected with interstate corporations, and are constantly conspiring and agreeing with them, and are enabled, by reason of such connection, to prevent and suppress competition in the interest of such interstate corporations, and protect the latter from competition, and frequently to crush out competitors by means of questionable and vicious financial warfare. In fact, they are in combination with them in such a fashion that they are daily violating the provisions of the anti-trust law, if the real facts were known. And only a most rigid probing of a compact Congressional committee, endowed with plenary power can ever get to the root of those evils.

Sixth. These national banks, and other moneyed corporations and institutions are owned, dominated and controlled through their directors, stock ownership, official management, patronage, and in other ways, by the same persons, interests, groups of individuals, and corporations that are also interested in other national banks and moneyed corporations located in the same city and in interstate commerce corporations that are customers and really co-conspirators of said national banks and other moneyed corporations. And the same individuals are officers and directors and are interested in, dominate and control and have heretofore dominated and controlled more than one national bank or other moneyed corporation.

Seventh. I charge, and it can be

established by abundant proof, that the funds and credit of national banks and other moneyed corporations are, and have been, used and employed in other ways than in making current loans to merchants and on commercial paper, and such funds have been and are employed (1) in the purchase of securities from bankers or other interested in or connected with such corporations; (2) in the guaranty and underwriting of securities and syndicate transactions, alone and in conjunction with others; (3) and in loans on notes secured by bonds, stocks, or other collateral; (4) and in loans on and purchases of stocks of other banks and of trust and investment companies and financial and moneyed corporations, and have profited by joint action, understanding and conspiracies to shut out competition.

Eighth. In agreeing and confederating together such national banks and other moneyed corporations, directly and indirectly, and by means of other corporations having substantially the same officers, management, control or stockholders, or with stock paid for by the dividends of a parent or affiliated company, and, alone and with others, have acted as issuing houses in offering securities to the public and to investors by prospectus, advertisements and solicitation; and have and are speculating in stocks and are diverting the funds of the banks from legitimate banking and commercial channels in order to get the railroad and industrial corporations within their protection and destroy competition as far as possible.

Ninth. The management and operations of the New York Stock Exchange and the New York Clearing House Association are dominated and controlled by the aforesaid financial groups and national banks in New York City, and the officers of the Clearing House Association are mere dummies under their absolute dominion, and can wreck banks and destroy competitors upon their orders.

Tenth. These groups of men have it within their absolute power, in controlling the money in the banks and trust companies, their dominion over corporations and their connection with the Clearing House Association, to make and unmake panics, make "bull" and "bear" markets, "easy money" and "tight money," whenever it suits their pleasure. In a financial way, it is not overstating the danger to say that they are almost omnipotent and hold the destiny of the business world within the hollow of their hands. Five years have brought about the control secured by a few banking houses and their allies over the funds of the great corporations, and that this power has been cemented through the interlocking directorates in financial institutions that were naturally competitive; that this control is constantlyy widening and becoming more direct and pronounced, and the groups are constantly getting closer together and working in harmony. These men are thus enabled to assist their friends and punish their enemies in the financial world and have used this power to subdue opposition and subject the smaller financiers and financial institutions to their will.

Eleventh. I charge that this group of financiers and national banks of New York have participated in and frequently participate in stock gambling to a scandalous extent, and, at times, with the government funds on deposit with them, and withhold money from legitimate commercial channels to engage in such gambling and in financing dangerous, doubtful, and sometimes, disreputable speculative schemes in this country and other countries. And at times, seemingly with the knowledge of the Treasury officials of the United States these banks and bankers have loaned money for vicious

and perilous stock gambling on the Stock Exchange, and apparently such money was hurried from the National Treasury to the vaults of those banks for such purposes. A proper investigation will disclose such cases and record evidence will be found to indisputably support this allegation. Along these lines an exhaustive investigation should be made in the interest of decency and good government as to the methods of these groups of financiers in tapping the National Treasury to secure the people's tax money to further their stock gambling.

Twelfth. It is undeniable that independent railroad building is at an end in this country if these financial groups remain the master. They will protect and finance the great railroads under their wing and wreck and ruin every competitor who undertakes railroad building on an independent basis. Permit me to illustrate by the fate of a great enterprise now in a death struggle with this group:

I refer to the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway, of which Mr. E. A. Stilwell is president. "$26,000,000 have already been invested in the project, which is now threatened with disaster through what he believes to be the action of the interests that are representing trans-continental lines to which this would be a competitor. It looks as though Mr. Stilwell is going to make some sort of a fight by general appeal to the people to rescue his enterprise. If a fraction of what he says is true, this is as fair an illustration as you could hope to obtain of the workings of the system." This statement comes to me from Mr. Samuel Untermyer, the New York lawyer. The next day Mr. Stilwell sent me the following signed statement:

"Nevertheless we built 130 miles of track in Texas last year, 25 per cent. more than any other railroad and 15 per cent. of all track built that year in the United States. Recently this opposition has seriously delayed the closing of a sale of $5,000,000 bonds, legalized by the French government and all underwritten in Paris. Detectives have followed our agents, prominent bankers have not hesitated to make false statements in speaking of our road; other bankers taken over the road and enthusiastic over its possibilities have been told that their business would be ruined if they attempted to help us in any way. Effort after effort was made by letter and personal interview to prevail on the Mexican government to cancel our concessions; and effort was made also to prevent us from securing the harbor at Topobolampo. When in London making our steamship arrangements, prominent American interests cabled over endeavoring to prevent the closing of this important contract. Prominent brokers have called our investors by 'phone advising them to sell our securities at once, people with whom they had never done business; and in one case the statement was made that we had but 6 miles of road in Texas and 4 miles in Mexico, whereas at that time we had over 200 miles in Mexico and 300 in the United States.

"But now, with nearly 900 miles operation, we think we are justified in calling attention to the obstacles we are daily encountering in a persistent endeavor to prevent the completion of this great international trans-continental road. * * * * It is a singular coincidence that Mr. Samuel Untermyer should have made his argument before the Committee of Congress during the very time I was preparing this prospectus and an advertisement for publication—a man who is in nowise interested with me in any enterprise. The facts which he so truthfully and eloquently affirmed are perhaps unbelievable except to those who, however innocently, have incurred the displeasure of

the mysterious, sinister, but palpable, influence called by him the Money Power. As for those injured by this power, what possible redress is there except to appeal direct to the people whose own money is thus exploited by those with whom they have temporarily entrusted it? No single victim could combat this oligarchy, even if it were amenable to law. But Mr. Untermyer says it acts within the law. Its freemasonry is that of freebooters, grown arrogant through immunity. Its whisper is that of the Mafia without its risk. Its "White Hand" does the dirty work of the "Black Hand" without the excuse of poverty. It is wicked and cruel, but, thank God, it is not omnipotent."

Is it not time to inquire into these "Black Hand" methods? shouldn't we know something of the depths of villainy to which this "Financial Mafia" will descend before we re-write our currency laws? Wouldn't it be better to probe deeply into that hidden and mysterious side before we swallow the Aldrich plan? Let me warn the American people we will be groping in the dark and will go down in their pitfalls unless we have a thorough congressional investigation and unearth their system, their villainy, and the secret methods of their combined money-eyed monopoly. While we are grappling with this momentous problem, this Money Power is moving Heaven and earth to circumvent us.

As late as the first day of this month (January), Mr. Samuel Untermyer, who knows their game and is now performing a patriotic public service, writes me:

"The interests down here seem to feel that things are going their way as far as concerns the resolution. I understand that their campaign has been most exhaustive and that they have put pressure upon all the banks throughout the country to communicate with their congressmen deprecating the investigation on the ground that it will create unrest and may lead to a panic. It is a queer and interesting game, but, unfortunately, a dangerous one for the country, because the cards at this end are so obviously marked."

In further proof of their power and dangerous methods, I quote from a communication from Mr. Stilwell to Mr. Untermyer, dated January 27th, 1912:

"I am glad that some one has had the courage to say what you have said in Washington. I have long desired to have courage enough to tell of the diabolical workings of this money trust. They have hounded us for years, attempted to destroy our credit, had detectives to follow us to see whom we were selling to, and it is a perfect wonder that we have nearly 900 miles of road finished. * * * * But they believe here that your testimony will be the end, that they have the thing blocked through all the country banks, so that nothing will be done. But something will be done, or in a few years we will see a revolution in this country; and how much better it would be if the situation could be cleaned up, and these men who could be so useful to our country come back to the paths of honesty, drop oppression and allow American institutions to rise and fall on their own merits and not by forced assassination. * * * * There is no difference between the methods employed by the Money Trust and those employed by the McNamaras or the Black Hand. They are all destructive forces and are un-American."

Stilwell, an honorable man, is in New York now fighting for his great enterprise meaning so much to the Southwest and Mexico. The financial freebooters are trying to destroy him. Every patriotic American ought to read his appeal from their midst in the very shadow of Wall Street.

To state it bluntly these groups of

financiers in New York, through their cementing together the great national banks of New York City and joining themselves together in conspiracy and action, have taken under their wings the great railways, corporations, trusts and moneyed interests and made themselves the supreme dictators of the financial situation in the United States, with their power reaching into the money centers of Europe. And no man but themselves knows the depths of their conspiracies and combinations, and no other person will know till they are searched to the bottom with the strong arm of a congressional probe.

"'Tis More Blessed to Give"

W. M. Herndon

AFTER a hard days' riding in the mountains of Virginia, I drew rein at the fence in front of a two-story farm house with good old-fashioned double porches. An old man with long gray beard answered my call, and without waiting to see what I wanted, asked me to "light off yo' hoss and come in."

At once I recognized a manner, genial yet reserved, which is characteristic of the old generations in that locality. He extended a hand of hearty welcome as if to a friend, and I followed him to the house.

The path from the gate to the house was not much more than a serpentine trail, fringed on either side by marigold and "pretty-by-night," whose seed had been carefully gathered and handed down from generation to generation, since time immemorial. The cultivation of these common flowers indicates that there is just enough of the esthetic deep down in the brain somewhere dormant and uncultivated, to bespeak the artistic temperament and the love of the beautiful.

On the porch lay a good natured shepherd dog, with his nose stretched out on his paws, who looked at me without raising his head, while his tail beat on the floor a perfect token of peace. The chickens were going to roost in the trees near by and one querulous old speckled hen was grumbling because somebody was encroaching on her particular bough. Down at the fence an old black sow was rasping her shoulder against a splinter while the pigs were dancing to the music, all unconscious to the fate to which they were born. Over in the barn lot I could hear a double stream of milk rattling against the bottom of a tin pail. All the sight and sounds were rural and domestic.

After we had supper the old man and I returned to the porch to smoke a friendly pipe and discuss the time-honored, overwrought themes of crops and weather. The early rains had washed away the soil and the late drouth had cut short the crops, but everything is for the best, and the old farmer was philosophical enough to accept it thus.

Conversation began to drag and I was very glad, for on a beautiful night like that I delight to commune with my own soul in the contemplation of nature at rest. The blended perfume of the honeysuckle and wild rose came stealing over us like the breath of an angel. I was just lapsing into pleasant memory of the time when my heart had been intoxicated with the perfume from a spray of honeysuckle in the bosom of—but the voice of the old man interrupted me.

"See that full moon just peepin' over the mountain yander? Now that's whar it was. They warn't no fence to speak of there, and my hay paster jined his cornfield at the top. I tried to git him to fix his fence time and agin, but he never had no time, so he said.

"Well, one night seven of my big steers got into his corn patch and just about et it all up. So he up and druv them cattle right home and put them in his lot, and come, and told me about it. He said he wouldn't deliver them cattle to nobody fer nuthin' till thet 'ere corn was paid fer.

"Now my son John—John is purty spunky hisself—he up and said, 'Pap, part o' them cattle is mine and I is going straight to ol' man Slocum and git 'em, an' if he don't give 'em up thar's gwine to be a thunderin' racket on tother side o' thet mountain, an' ole man Slocum won't need them steers ner corn patch nuther.' 'Now, John,' says I to John, 'that ain't no way to settle it. Let's git the old man and us an' pick out three uninterest' citizens and let them say how much damage them steers has done, and then us pay it and not have no trouble with the old cuss.'

"So after some right smart persuadin', John he agreed and we all picked three fellers who didn't know nothin' about it, to come and 'sess the damage.

"Now, while them fellers was a lookin' over the ground and a discussin' among themselves, I was settin' on a big rock way up on the side of the mounain. I could see ole man Slocum pacin' backwards and forwards in his ruined cornfield, and I could see right down in his back yard, and there was them little ragged children playin' in the dirt, and his lean sickly-lookin' wife a standin' in the door with her hands on her hips, a lookin' up the mountain as if she was a prayin' to them men not to fool away her husband's whole summer's work and take the very bread out of her pore little children's mouths, and I got sorry for the whole push o' 'em and I wiped a tear out o' my eye with the corner of my red bandanna and said to myself, said I, 'Ole man, here's where I'm goin' to s'prise ye.'

"About that time old Slocum and my son John and them fellers comes up and said they had reached a decision. Considerin,' they said, that Slocum had no fence worth speakin' uv and that them steers had et about two acres of corn, they thought about twenty dollars would be about right, and it was, but I couldn't get them children out of my mind and that old woman there in the door, and all that summer's work for nothin.' So I says, says I, 'Slocum, here's fifty dollars, and you and my son John can drive them cattle home.'

"Well, old Slocum didn't walk down that mountain like he was tired; he fairly flew. Me? Why, bless your life, I felt like a fifteen-year-old boy as I went down on tother side and saw my own little brats playin' around the yard and thought, 'you've never been hungry in your lives and you didn't need it.' So, stranger, I calc-late that was the best trade I ever made, for the peace of mind that come to me that day made me feel like the old Bible text when it says, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' was all meant fer me—all fer me."

Having thus spoken, the old man sat in silence and gazed at the moon, large and luminous, as it rose over the point of human interest that he had just indicated. A benign expression seemed to flood his face, and it shone in the reflected light as if in the contemplation of his act of love his own life had been replenished with the love that never dies. Long he looked with an occasional reflective puff from his long stemmed cob pipe. As the smoke curled upward in the moonlight I seemed to see a vision of the Slocum children flitting in and out of the spirals of pale blue tobacco smoke.

As the moon rose higher and higher

the interval between puffs became longer and longer. A lonely cricket chirped in the old stone wall. The brook at the foot of the hill would have slept but for a shoal that vexed it into murmuring. The sounds only intensified the silence, which brooded over the earth like a benediction. My mind came back from its wandering and I turned—to speak of some commonplace, but the sound of my voice was sacrilige in that infinite calm.

The old man was asleep.

Ten Men of Money Island

S. F. Norton

Chapter XIV.

From Prosperity to Pauperism

THE Island being rich in everything that contributed to man's support and enjoyment, and the men being industrious and enterprising, property was rapidly created. There were cultivated fields, plenty of horses, cattle and sheep, large and comfortable dwellings, well-filled warehouses, excellent public roads and bridges, convenient market places, commodious schoolhouses, delightful playgrounds for the children, pleasant resorts for all; everything, in short, that contributes to the peace, happiness and comfort of the inhabitants. There was not a poorhouse on the Island, for there was not a pauper to be found. There was not a jail, for, being happy and contented, there were no criminals. The sun never shone on a richer country or a happier people. It seemed as if God had especially blessed the beautiful Money Island and its inhabitants.

With their well-tilled fields, their improved machinery, their well-ordered system of work, their simple and equitable distribution of the products of labor, less than six hours per day were required for work, the rest being devoted to pleasure, recreation and mental improvement. The men, having time to read, were intelligent; the women were educated and refined; the children were healthy and well clothed.

To all outward appearance it seemed to be a model Republic; discords and dissensions were unknown; the Golden Rule was the prevailing law; equality and fraternity the basic principle upon which society rested.

But, alas! the happiness and prosperity of Money Island were doomed! A canker worm was already gnawing at its vitals. The seeds of destruction had already been sown. Avarice had fastened its poisosnous fangs into its flesh, and ruin, want and misery were destined to ensue.

Discount became avaricious and Donothing became ambitious. In strict justice to these men, however, it ought to be said that when they first came upon the Island they were as free from avarice and ambition as were their companions. But the very first taste of office had sown the seeds of ambition in Donothing's breast. The very first piece of money that Discount made, as a broker or a money loaner, poisoned his whole being with avarice. As the taste of the first drop of blood transforms the tamed and caged tiger into a savage, merciless, beast of prey, so did the first official position and the first item of gain transform Discount into a selfish, greedy money-getter, and

Donothing into a scheming, ambitious usurper of power. They were merely the offspring of the system that had been unwittingly established in the community. They were the children rather than the fathers of the system.

They were bred, the same as ambitious office-seekers, usurpers and tyrants are bred in the world today; the same as avaricious money-getters are bred in Europe and America today. So thoroughly is this the case that it may be truthfully said, it is the system that is to blame, and not the men.

It is true, these men existed before the system; so it is true that mankind existed before the system; so it is true that mankind existed before many of the curable though terrible physical diseases, that flesh is heir to, existed. Correct the system and the evil propensities of these men will disappear.

Avarice and Ambition, like the serpent in the fable of the Garden of Eden, entered into the earthly Paradise of Money Island, and the people were doomed to be driven beneath the lash of the task-master.

The Usurer and the Office-holder joined hands, and Prosperity was succeeded by Pauperism. Debt, credit, usury, taxation, mortgages, money-loaning, banks and their attendant evils, all became established institutions, and peace and contentment no longer found an abiding place with the Ten Men of Money Island.

* * * *

It will be remembered that Discount started out with the theory of issuing three paper promises-to-pay for every coin piece he had on hand. Although that system increased his loanable capital three-fold, he was not satisfied; in fact, avarice and greed are never satisfied. The scheme worked so admirably, and the people had such implicit confidence in his "abilities as a financier," that he ventured to increase his volume of paper money. He issued sometimes as many as 20 pieces of paper for every piece of coin on hand.

Right here it may be well to note the effect of inflation. Everybody had plenty of money—such as it was. Grindem had plenty of money in the bank, therefore he was not anxious to sell his flour. Not being anxious to sell, he put up his price. Pickaxe, who also had plenty of money, readily paid the advanced price of the flour. Money with him was more plentiful than flour, therefore he readily exchanged money for flour. Inasmuch as Grindem received a better price for his flour, he paid Plowem and Reapem better prices for their wheat. And, inasmuch as Dressem had to pay more for flour, he charged more for the clothes which he made and sold.

In short, as can be readily seen, an inflation of money increased prices, the percentage of increase in the volume of money being followed by an almost exact ratio of increase in prices, and, as will be seen, hereafter, a decrease in the volume of money, decreased prices.

In calculating this proportion, however, the *volume of business* should be taken into account. For instance, 100 pieces of money were ample, at one time, for the volume of business on Money Island. The volume of money was doubled, but there was no increase of price, for the reason that the volume of business had also doubled. But when the increase of currency exceeded the rate of increase of business, there was an advance of prices equal to the excess of money volume over business volume. To illustrate: the volume of money was increased 100 per cent; the volume of business 100 — prices remained the same. The volume of money was still further increased 125 per cent; the volume of business 100 per cent—prices increased 25 per cent.

It is also plain to be seen that, as an increase of money increases prices, so a decrease in the volume decreases prices.

Though a decrease in the volume of money is often supplied *by private credit*, and thus a proportionate decrease of prices is, for the time being at least, avoided.

The volume of money depended altogether upon the greed, fear or caprice of Discount. If he could get a good rate of interest, he put out all the money that was wanted; if there was a stringency in the money market, he was afraid to make loans for fear he could not get it back, thus aggravating the stringency which already existed; if he had property to sell, he could, by inflating the currency, put up prices and sell out at high tide; if he wanted to purchase, he could contract the volume of money and thus cut down prices and buy up property at much less than its real value. The *control of the volume of money*—that is, the power to inflate and contract—gave him control of the little commercial community in which he lived. Just as the control of the money volume in this country gives the bankers control of its vast commercial world.

All of these powers and privileges were made such good use of by Discount that, in 15 or 20 years, he had accumulated more property than any two other members of the community put together, and he still held mortgages and notes against nearly every other man on the Island. And yet, not one particle of the property that he held had he created or produced himself. He had merely taken that which the labor of others had created. He had acquired, by and through the invention and practise of the ingenious devices of usury and banking, that which, under any other system, would have still belonged to the actual producers. He was the drone in the hive, yet he lived on the fat of the land. He had taken a little from this one, and a little from that one—so gradually, so imperceptibly, that its loss was scarcely felt. Had all that he had taken been exacted at one time, there would have been a rebellion against his exactions; but it had been taken little by little, and withal in such a *perfectly legal* manner, that there was no other thought than submission to the results which the practice of his system had accomplished.

Poor Sledgehammer was the first victim who succumbed to Discount's greed. He had borrowed money of Discount during a period of "flush times," and given his notes due on a certain day. In the meantime, a little "stringency in the money market," manipulated by Discount, had made Sledgehammer's business dull; and sickness in his family had consumed some of his earnings. Besides, let it be frankly confessed that Sledgehammer, although a hard working man, was what might be called "an easy, good-hearted man." He was generous and accommodating, ready to inconvenience himself for the sake of helping a neighbor. One of the best men in the world, you would say, as a neighbor. But alas, he was not shrewd and sharp; he had not the faculty of accumulating wealth — and these, in the eyes of the great money-loving, throat-cutting, brother-cheating world are almost criminal faults!

He was, therefore, perhaps a little thoughtless and careless about "meeting his notes promptly"—never having been trained in the school of money-mongers; and moreover, he presumed that Discount would extend the time of his loan if he was not prepared to meet it.

The day of payment came, and he could not meet his obligation. His property was really worth a great deal more than the amount of money which he owed. In vain he endeavored to get his loan extended; in vain he tried to borrow money of his neighbors—some of them did not have the money to help him, others referred him to Discount,

the man "whose business it was to loan money"; in vain he tried to sell property enough to raise the money, but having no use for it, no one cared to buy. Discount, himself, was about the only man who had ever bought property as a speculation—and Discount told him very plainly that he "did not want his property, all he wanted was his *money*."

The fates were against poor Sledgehammer. He could not pay; judgment was entered up against him; his property was seized by the sheriff and due notice was given of the public sale.

Several of his neighbors appeared, but no one had money enough to purchase. Discount, himself, was the only man who had money enough on hand to bid off the property. Openly, he professed to be very unwilling to buy the property; secretly, he rejoiced, for he knew he was going to get it for little or nothing compared with its real value. He bid it off and took the sheriff's deed. Poor Sledgehammer and his wife and children were compelled to vacate the old home, which their labor had built and beautified, and find quarters elsewhere. But *where?* He was compelled to make arrangements with Donothing for the use of a house which he had vacated when he moved into his new one. Donothing, having been on intimate terms with Discount, and having learned many fine points, of course had to charge Sledgehammer "something for the use of the house." No other course was open to Sledgehammer—who was now "a poor man"—than to accept the best terms that were offered him. He was no longer the master of his own acts; he became from that time forth the victim of every other man's greed and caprice.

Donothing became a *landlord;* Sledgehammer became a *tenant;* Discount accumulated more "capital."

Do you say, oh, most considerate and kind-hearted reader, that Sledgehammer, being no match for Discount in the transaction just described, the *law*, instead of being on the side of Discount, should have been in favor of Sledgehammer—because Discount was a *strong man* and Sledgehammer a *weak one?* Do you dare to say that, if Law is not for the protection of the Weak against the greed and selfishness of the Strong, then there is no use of having any law at all? And are you horrified at the fact that the law, in the case just cited, was actually in favor of Discount? that it was nothing but an instrument in his hands, whereby he could forcibly take from his weaker brother, the products of his labor and the very home that sheltered himself and his family?

But will you tell us where, in this great Christian, civilized world—where churches flourish and colleges are found in abundance—can there be found a system of laws for the protection of the Weak against the Strong?

How the people of Money Island traveled still further on the road from Prosperity to Pauperism will be shown in the next chapter.

Chapter XV.

Princes and Paupers

Discount was not slow to learn the fact that a contraction of the currency had, of course, the contrary effect to an inflation. And although he was making a profit on every bank note outstanding, the amount of property which he had acquired by purchasing Sledgehammer's house for a mere nominal price suggested to him that he could make money much faster by occasionally getting his neighbors into a tight place financially and "squeezing them," as he humorously called it. He would therefore occasionally withdraw large amounts of money from circulation—this, of course, being readily accomplished by simply refusing to make new loans or extend old ones.

As a consequence, there was a scarcity of money. Reapem and Plowem found themselves compelled to accept for their grain whatever Grindem saw fit to give, in order to get money enough to pay their taxes and the interest on their mortgages.

Makem and Foreplane, instead of setting the prices on their own labor, were compelled to accept whatever those who wanted their services saw fit to pay.

In other words, when money became scarce, prices were low.

And this fact—i. e., the decrease of prices which followed contraction—was one that did not escape the attention of either Discount or Donothing. Donothing readily realized the fact that with low prices, his salary, which was fixed at so much per annum, would go much further than when prices were high. He was, therefore, in favor of low prices. Discount soon learned the same thing; and, in fact, he saw that although he was not getting in as many pieces of money every year as formerly, those that he did get would go as far in the purchase of property, in consequence of the reduced prices, as the larger amount. He was really no loser by the diminution of his interest money receipts, after all, and he would stand a chance of making a handsome thing by his "squeezing" programme.

It is an old trick, dear reader, that has been played for hundreds of years —though Discount was the first to play it on Money Island.

It was not long before other members of the community were forced to surrender their property and their homes after the manner that Sledgehammer had done. For instance, Plowem found it too hard a struggle to pay interest on the mortgage that Discount held on his farm, and at the same time pay the taxes which were assessed to "run the government." Instead of getting out of debt, each year he kept getting farther in. His farm was finally sold under the mortgage and bought by Donothing. Of course, Donothing could not run the farm himself, so he turned around and let it out to its old owner, Plowem, "on shares." The work was done by Plowem, but the crops were divided with Donothing. By his own hard work Plowem had taken the land in its wild, uncultivated state, and made it a rich and productive farm. By a system of bad laws, however, Donothing had become possessed of the farm, and as a result was getting annually, for nothing, one-half of the products of Plowem's labor.

Foreplane soon followed in the footsteps of Sledgehammer and Plowem, so that instead of being the owner of his own house and his own master in his work, he became a hired man working for whoever saw fit to employ him, and a tenant paying so much rent per month.

Makem and Pickaxe were tottering upon the verge of bankruptcy; and poor Reapem was so completely crushed with the mortgage upon his farm that he was many times tempted to follow the advice of a New York paper and give up his farm and become a tenant farmer. He was very little better off than his neighbor, Plowem, for it took fully half his crop to pay taxes and interest money.

Those who had accumulated property, found it a very easy matter to get along and live luxuriously. They had not only the direct results of their own labor, but by rent, interest, etc., etc., they constantly absorbed a goodly portion of the labor of others. They were constantly getting richer and the others were as constantly getting poorer. Being independent themselves, they dictated not only the rates of interest and the rates of rent which they should receive, but they dictated the wages which they should pay for labor and the prices they would give for that which they consumed in living.

In short, the community became divided into substantially two classes, Princes and Paupers. Just as this great world is divided today — and from the same causes.

* * * *

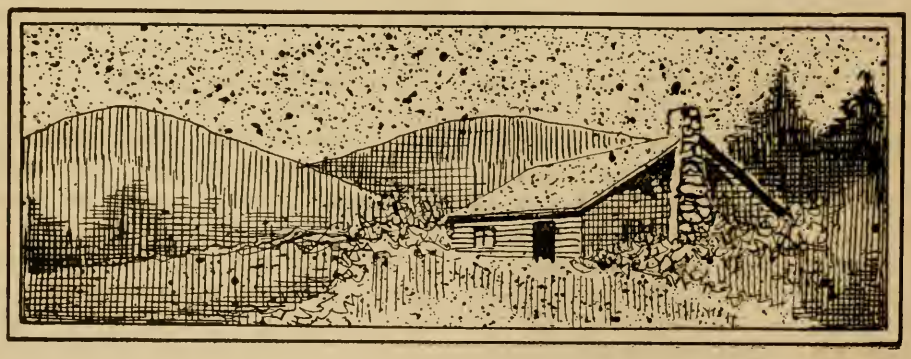
As there were paupers, it became necessary to build poorhouses; and as criminals are bred by pauperism, it became necessary to build jails.

Those who had once been prosperous were now dependent upon charity; and some of those who had once been honest and industrious were now inmates of prisons. The wives were poorly and plainly clothed; the children were compelled to work instead of going to school; the houses which they were able to rent were poor, the rooms were small and the ventilation was bad. No matter how hot the weather, they were compelled to work or starve. In winter it frequently happened that many of them suffered for want of coal, and even for the want of bread. They had no time to read or study themselves, and they were too poor to buy books for their children. Thus to poverty was added ignorance—and degradation, brutality and crime followed in the wake.

On the other hand, the few who were prosperous—measured by their success in accumulating property—being no longer content to live in ordinary dwellings, erected for themselves houses that were in reality absolute palaces. They wore the finest clothes that money could purchase; they had servants to cook, to wash, to scrub, to drive their carriages, to attend to their every want. They had leisure, so that in the hot days of summer they could go into the mountains or down by the seashore, where they could revel in the cool breezes of the sea and the refreshing air of the shady hills. In winter their long evenings were spent around blazing hearths, studying, reading, dancing, or in other enjoyments and recreations. Their children were educated, well-fed and well-clothed. Such things as hunger, cold and want were never felt.

The change in the inhabitants of the Island was as marvelous as it was melancholy. Equality no longer existed; an aristocracy of wealth had taken the place of the old-time democracy; pauperism had succeeded prosperity; the Golden Rule was forgotten; envy, jealousy, distrust and selfishness became the order of the day; avarice and greed, want and destitution, everywhere prevailed. It was so unlike the land of earlier days, it seemed as if the Almighty had visited it with a malediction instead of a blessing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Napoleon, as He Looked and Moved During the Hundred Days

(From Memoirs of Sir John Barrington)

ON THE abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, in the year 1814, my curiosity was greatly excited to view the alteration which different revolutions, a military government, and a long, protracted warfare, must necessarily have made in the manners, habits, and appearance of the French people. My ardent desire to see the Emperor, himself, had been defeated by his abdication, and no hope remained to me of ever enjoying that pleasure.

The royal family of France I had the honor of meeting often in society during the long visit with which they favored the British Nation; the last time was at Earl Moria's, one of their most zealous friends: my curiosity on that score was therefore quite satisfied. I had also known many, and had formed a very decisive opinion as to most of their countrymen, who had, like themselves, emigrated to England; nor has the experience acquired during my residence in France at all tended to alter the nature of that opinion. Some of these men have, I fear, the worst memories of any people existing. Indeed, it should seem that since their return home, they must have drunk most plentifully of Lethe.

I was extremely desirous, also, to see the persons who had rendered themselves so conspicuous during the long and mighty struggle wherein the destinies of Europe were all at stake—the great heroes of both the field and Cabinet; and, therefore, upon the restoration of King Louis, I determined to visit Paris, the rather as my family were infected with the same curiosity as myself.

Accordingly, we set out on our journey, taking Havre de Grace in our route to the metropolis.

The sudden return of Napoleon from Elba, and the speedy flight of the French King and royal family from the Tuilleries, without a single effort being made to defend them, appeared to me, at the time, of all possible incidents, the most extraordinary and the least expected. The important events which followed in rapid and perplexing succession afforded me scope for extensive observation, whereof I did not fail to take advantage. My opportunities were indeed great and peculiar; but few, comparatively, of my fellow-countrymen had as yet ventured into France: those who did avail themselves of the conclusion of peace in 1814 fled from the country in dismay, on the return of "the child and champion of Jacobinism"; while I, by staying there throughout his brief second reign, was enabled to ascertain facts known to very few in England, and hitherto not published by any.

At Havre, it appeared clearly to me that Napoleon, during his absence, was anything but forgotten or disesteemed. The Empress, when there, had become surprisingly popular among all classes of people; and the misfortunes of her husband had only served to render his memory more dear to his brother-soldiers, by whom he was evidently still regarded as their general and their prince. In truth, not only by the soldiers, but generally by the civic ranks, Louis, rather than Napoleon, was looked upon as a usurper.

There were two regiments of the line at Havre, the officers of which made no great secret of their sentiments,

while the men appeared to me inclined for anything but obedience to the Bourbon dynasty. The spirit of which I could not help seeing in full activity here, it was rational to conclude, operated in other parts of the kingdom, and the justice of this inference was suddenly manifested by the course of events.

Circumstances, in fact, daily conspired to prove to me that the army was still Napoleon's. The surgeon of that same regiment was an Italian, accounted very clever in his profession, good-natured, intelligent, and obliging; but so careless of his dress, that he was generally called by us the "dirty doctor." This person was less anxious than his comrades to conceal his sentiments of men and things, both politically and generally: never failing, whether in public or private, to declare his opinion and his attachment to "the exile."

A great ball and supper was given by the prefects and other authorities of Havre, in honor of Louis le Desire's restoration. The affair was very splendid: we were invited, and went accordingly. I there perceived our "dirty doctor," dressed most gorgeously in military uniform, but not that of his regiment. I asked him to what corps it appertained: he put his hand to his mouth, and whispered to me, "C'est l'uniforme de mon coeur" ("'Tis the uniform of my heart."). It was the dress-uniform of Napoleon's old guard, in which the doctor had served. The incident spoke a volume; and as to the sentiments of its wearer, was decisive.

About six weeks after that incident, two small parties of soldiers of the garrison passed repeatedly through the market-place on a market day, with drawn swords, flourishing them in the air, and crying incessantly, "Vive Napoleon! vive l'Emperor!" But they did not manifest the slightest disposition toward riot or disturbance, and nobody appeared either to be surprised at or to mind them much. I was speaking to a French officer at the time, and he, like the rest of the spectators, showed no wish to interfere with these men, or to prohibit the continuance of their exclamations, nor did he remark in any way upon the circumstances. I hence naturally enough inferred the state of public feeling, and the very slight hold which Louis le Desire then had upon the crown of his ancestors.

A much more curious occurrence took place, when a small detachment of Russian cavalry, which had remained in France from the termination of the campaign, were sent down to Havre, there to sell their horses and embark for their native country. The visit appeared to me to be a most unwelcome one to the inhabitants of the place, and still more so, as might be expected, to the military stationed there. The Russians were very fine-looking fellows, of large size, but with a want of flexibility in their limbs and motions; and were thence contrasted rather unfavorably with the alert French soldiery, who, in maneuvering and rapid firing, must have a great advantage over the northern stiffness.

I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted, at Havre, with Mr. Wright, a very respectable gentleman, and, I believe, by affinity, a nephew of Mr. Windham. We had been in a cafe together, and were returning to our hotel about 10 o'clock at night, when we saw a small assemblage of people collected at the church door in the main street. There were some women among them, and they were earnestly employed on some business which the total darkness of the night prevented us from seeing. There was, in fact, no light around, save one glimmering lamp in the porch of the church door, where the people appeared fairly knotted together. There was scarcely any noise made above a sort of buzz, or, as it were,

rather a suppression of voices. Mr. Wright remained stationary while I went across the street to reconnoiter; and after a good deal of peeping over shoulders and under arms, I could perceive that the mob was in the act of deliberately cutting off the ears of two powerful-looking Russian soldiers, who were held so fast by many men that they had not the least capability of resistance. They seemed to bear the application of the blunt knives of their assailants with considerable fortitude, and the women were preparing to complete the trimming with scissors; but one glance was quite enough for me. I got away as quick as thought; and as the circumstance of Mr. Wright wearing mustaches might possibly cost him his ears, I advised him to get into a house as soon as possible. He took to his heels on the suggestion, and I was not slow in following. The next day I saw one of the Russians in the street with a guard to protect him—his head tied up with bloody cloths, and cutting altogether a most frightful figure. All the French seemed highly diverted, and shouted out their congratulations to the Russians, who, however, took no manner of notice of the compliment.

I believe the authorities did all they could in this affair to apprehend the trimmers, but unsuccessfully. Some individuals were, it is true, taken upon suspicion; but as soon as the local dignitaries knew that they were not yet sufficiently strong to enforce punishment for carving a Russian, they were released.

Nevertheless, no very deep impression was made on my mind as to these matters, until one morning, Lady Barrington, returning from Havre, brought me a small printed page, announcing the Emperor's actual return from Elba, and that he was on his route for Paris. I believed the evidence of my eyesight, on reading the paper; but I certainly did not believe its contents. I went off immediately to my landlord, Mr. Poulet, a great Royalist, and his countenance explained circumstances sufficiently before I asked a single question. The sub-prefect soon left the town; but the intelligence was scarcely credited, and not at all to its full extent. I went into every cafe and public place, and through every street. In all directions I saw groups of people, anxious and busily engaged in converse; I was much amused by observing the various effects of the intelligence on persons of different opinions, and by contrasting the countenances of those who thronged the thoroughfares.

The dismal faces of the Bourbonites, the grinning ones of the Bonapartists, and the puzzled countenances of the neutrals were mingled together in the oddest combinations: throughout the town everybody seemed to be talking at once, and the scene was undoubtedly of the strangest character, in all its varieties. Joy, grief, fear, courage, self-interest, love of peace, and love of battle—each had its votaries. Merchants, priests, douaniers, military officers, were strolling about, each apparently influenced by some distinctive grade of feeling: one sensation alone seemed common to all—that of astonishment.

The singularity of the scene every moment increased. On the day immediately ensuing, fugitives from Paris, full of news of all descriptions, came in as quickly as horses and cabriolets could bring them. Bulletin after bulletin arrived—messenger after messenger. But all the dispatches in any shape official combined in making light of the matter. The intelligence communicated by private individuals, however, was very contradictory. One, for instance, stated positively that the army had declared against Napoleon; another, that it had declared for him; a third, that it had not declared at all. One said that Napoleon was surrounded.

"Yes," returned a bystander, "but it is by his friends." Toward evening every group seemed to be quite busy making up their minds as to the news of the day, and the part they might think it advisable to take; as for the English, they were frightened out of their wits, and the women had no doubt that they should all be committed to jail before next morning.

A Dual Regatta

Alonzo Rice

Beneath the sunset skies,
Serene the peaks along the valleys rise
With wealth of forest; overhead the west
Spreads like a sea by silver moonlight kissed,
Where one broad shining band of emerald mist
Connects the day and night; and, there at rest
The cloudy vessels wait the wind that sighs,
Beneath the sunset skies.

Beneath the sunset skies,
The idle boat upon the water lies,
Supported by the keel of phantom bark
A storm has overturned in waves below,
To drift with mine; whatever way I go
To find my Ararat, the shadowy ark
Looks for its own inverted cone to rise,
Beneath the sunset skies.

A Defense of Southern Literature

IN the New York *Independent*, of Feb. 8, 1912, appears an article contributed by E. S. Nadal, of Lewisburg, West Virginia. His subject is, "Southern Literature." His article contains internal evidence that he is not a thinker, is not a scholar in the broad sense of the word; and that, whatever he may know of literature, he is comprehensively ignorant of the literature of the South.

The following extracts will give the reader a correct conception of the whole:

"I lived as a boy in the South for some time just before the outbreak of the Civil War, and from what I saw my belief is that one cause of secession was the fear which the Southern individual had of the opinion of the rest of the community. It seems to me that this fear was also the ultimate cause of the inferiority of Southern antebellum literature.

"Most of the literature of any value produced in this country up to the time of the war had come from the North. The literature of the South, of course with certain exceptions, had been feeble, imitative, exaggerated, affected and sentimental. First, regarding their books descriptive of their own society, I mean their novels, these books did not describe society truly. They could not do so. The reason of this inability of Southern literature was that there was one institution regarding which it dared not speak the truth. That institution was one of vast importance and one which touched society closely at every point. Its necessary facts were abhorrent to the sentiments of the civilized world."

After quoting Juvenal, against the cruelty of Roman slave-owners, Mr. Nadal sagely adds:

"A Roman poet could so speak. But in those ancient days there was no great mass of Christian sentiment such as in our own time espoused the slave's cause and accused the conscience of the master. They had no Exeter Hall in those days and no Faneuil Hall, and no great and growing Republican party. I doubt if you will find so candid a passage as this from Juvenal in the whole range of Southern literature. Such freedom of description was out of the question."

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"The obligation of the Southern writers to make a representation which should accord with the theory of patriarhcal ownership was destructive of all vigor."

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"But the Southern writers, from being unable to be veracious upon one subject, seemed to lose the power of veracity regarding all subjects. They became imitative, exaggerated and sentimental. Their society, they Europeanized."

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"Imitative in everything, the Southern writers were imitative even in their jokes, which were, as a rule, pretty bad. Here is a joke from the pages of Mr. Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina. A master calls to his slave: 'Here, Cuffee, you thrice blackened baby of Beelzebub; come here, you imp of darkness.' This is the sort of joke for which a precedent might have been cited out of Sir Walter Scott and would therefore do very well.

"Everything was exaggerated. All their geese became swans. This is a tendency greatly to be regretted, for it is a sad day for literature when it becomes too good for the facts.

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"They represented everything as different from what it was. They did

not seem to be able to describe even natural objects correctly. I should have expected this. If you and I, when we met, had something in common on our minds of which we dared not speak, we could hardly talk truthfully about the weather. So the Southern writer could not describe a bird, a flower or a star as it was. One of their poets, I remember, addresses the mocking-bird as "Yorick" and "Abbot of Misrule." But in truth they made very little account of natural objects. It is curious to observe how little they had to say about them. The natural facts of the South were very peculiar and most unlike those of other parts of the world, but they had never been heard of in rural England or in Provence of the troubadours, and the Southern writers would not recognize them."

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"In general, the surest way to be vulgar is to pretend to be something you are not, and that is what the Southern writers were always doing. And yet they were not vulgar. I fancy the explanation of this is that, underneath their apparent affectation, there was a deep-seated simplicity."

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"While speaking of exceptions, I might mention one very important exception to the remark made at the beginning of this paper, concerning the general inferiority of Southern antebellum literature. Poe had received a Southern education and was very Southern. Like other Southern writers he was European and imitative. He wrote of nothing that he saw except with his mind's eye. Surely nothing that could suggest his 'radiant palace' existed near Baltimore or Richmond, the Southern towns in which he had lived. His Guy de Veres and Ulalumes and Annabel Lees were of foreign origin, so far as they had any origin save in his own head. But, whether European and imitative or not, Poe succeeds by the right of genius, and fame, which cares little for the whys and the wherefores, so long as the genius is real and effective, will always follow him."

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"I did think that the impediment to good literature above mentioned, namely, *the want of truth* resulting from fear, would disappear to modify that expectation. For one thing, characteristics do not disappear with the disappearance of the causes which produced them. But the causes still remain in the continued existence of the African race. Opinions regarding that race which differ from those of the mass are not tolerated in the South."

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"Without liberty there cannot be that alert and nimble way of looking about and that fidelity in recording what is seen which are necessary to literature. If the writer feels that what he says will be received with disapprobation, he will be silent. But it is not only regarding the negro that liberty of speech is discouraged in the South. You see the same want of freedom in the discussion of other subjects as well."

Mr. Nadal admits that he is not "as well read as I should be in the literature of the South that has appeared since the war." He no doubt means the Civil War; but his failure to use even a capital "W," leaves us at liberty to suppose that he meant our latest war—the Spanish-American conflict. But Mr. Nadal charitably infers, from the few things he *has* read, "since the war," that Southern writers have quit lying.

Mr. Nadal, referring to recent Southern literary out-croppings, benignly comments:

"I cannot claim to be as well read as I should be in the literature of the South that has appeared since the war. But from poems and sketches which I

have read from time to time, it is evident that the general want of literary truth, which has been attributed to Southern antebellum literature, does not characterize the more recent literature of the South. It seems to me that some of these things are good enough to form part of the permanent literature of the country and language. Among them I might mention some very delicate poems by the late Father Tabb, which I have seen in the magazines, and some sketches by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page. These are, however, either poems mostly descriptive of natural scenery or sketches representing limited phases of Southern life. But have the Southern writers been equally successful in depicting Southern life as a whole? It has seemed to me significant that some of these writers prefer historical subjects. In their books the young ladies who, I am told, are usually the authors of them, are very free with "Odd zooks" and "Marry come up," and other such safe and remote forms of expression, but the books, of course, have little that bears upon the present Southern life. Is it that these young writers are afraid to tackle this subject?"

Mr. Nadal truthfully asserts—what would not have occurred to most of us—that "it is a sad day for literature when it becomes too good for the facts." It is, indeed, Mr. Nadal. Give us your hand, on that, Sir. Let me amend your deeply penetrative remark by adding, that it is a sad day for magazine writing, when it becomes too good for the facts. No charge is made for this rounding out of your sagacious statement, Mr. Nadal.

Mr. Nadal, it would give me much innocent delight to make your acquaintance. Such writers as yourself and Prof. Alfred Bushnell Hart arouse my curiosity. I would like to see you, and hear you talk. It must be a positive treat to watch the processes of what you call your minds. I would really enjoy seeing your method of getting at what you designate as "facts." But life is short; and we live far apart; and I must, with a sigh of vain regret, dismiss the desire to see what you may resemble.

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Shall we never out-grow the mental warps, caused by Abolition rant and rhapsody? Will "Uncle Tom's Cabin" pursue us, to the remotest fastnesses? Is there no hope that the North will ever cease to view us, through the lenses of 1860? In the voice, out of the North, is there to be, forevermore, the refrain, "I am holier than thou?" Is the South always to be, what Galilee was to the Jew? Are these self-righteous old croakers to *always* poison the minds of Northern youth, filling them with the repellant picture of an imaginary South?

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How ludicrously inaccurate it is to argue that mental vigor is impossible to the men who own slaves! To form such an opinion is to ignore history. The slave-owning Babylonian was the master-builder, master-ruler, master-soldier of his day. The science, art, law-making, literature and religion of the modern world are saturated with the intellectual creativeness of the slave-owner of the Euphrates and the Tigris.

The slave-owning Greek speaks to us in matchless oratory, in unrivalled poetry and prose; and drives to despair our historians, our painters, our sculptors, and our architects. On our statute-books, in our methods of thought, in our schools, and in our libraries, the mind of the slave-owning Greek dominates us, after nearly 3,000 years.

The slave-owning Roman conquered the world, gave it laws that last till now, and will perhaps last forever; made roads that are yet travelled; and acqueducts that carry water from

the mountains into the cities, today, just as they did in the days of the Caesars. This Roman slave-owner created a new military system, built the first navy, evolved a noble literature, reached perfection in art, and cultivated literary taste to such a pitch that the forum would thunder with applause, at a musical phrase, or a beautiful simile.

Is there in modern free-states a greater vigor of intellect than was manifested during the existence of slavery in Europe? Have warriors ever been more daring and great, than in the time of Herminius, Charles Martel, Charlemange, Clovis, Constantine, Theodoric, Theodosius, William the Norman, Richard Coeur de Lion, Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, Farnese, Spinola and Duguesclin?

Has France a modern, who equals, in original creative genius, the men who produced the pre-Revolution literature, in the ages when the peasant was a slave? Montaigne, Rabelais, Corneille, Moliere, Montesquie, the elder Mirabeau, Le Sage, Pascal, Raynal, Fontenelle, Voltaire, Rousseau, Scarron, Diderot, and Beaumarchais are a few of the creators of French literature; and they wrote at a time when the peasants were the serfs of the lords.

The same thing is true of Italy, Spain, Portugal and England: their monarchs of literature belong to the slave period.

What was there in the slave-system of the South to produce a mental Nirvana? What was there to corrupt the literary talent and to infuse universal mendacity into it?

The wise Mr. Nadal says that our writers dared not tell the truth about slavery; and he therefore applies the legal adage, "False in one thing, false in all."

But does he *know* that, when Southern books paint our slave-system as patriarchal, they are consciously unveracious? I am one of the authors who picture it, that way; and, God knows, I described exactly what I saw and experienced. Not a detail was suppressed, or misrepresented. Upon what facts does Mr. Nadal base his sweeping assertion that *the system*, was not Patriarchal?

Our fathers took a savage, and, in a wonderfully short time, made a semi-civilized man of him. There never was a slave who was in a better general condition than the African, in the South. There never was a slave who cherished such affection for his master. No other master ever marched off to the wars, entrusting his wife and children to his slave. *Never!*

The negro race as a whole, were in a better condition at the beginning of the war, than it is, now. Such horrors as the Homestead Massacre, the Lawrence bayonettings, the coal-mine atrocities, the Steel Trust slavery and exploitation, the child-labor reproach, and the White Slave system of the North, were never possible under Southern slavery. *Self-interest* prompted the average master to keep his slave well fed, well clothed, well housed, and not prematurely worn out by hard work and exposure. And when too young to work, the children were not driven to death, in mines, shops, mills and truck-raising. The old were not turned out to perish of cold and hunger. No slave woman was compelled to choose between shame and starvation. No $5 a week, and "a gentleman friend," invaded the negro-quarters with its irresistible push hellwards.

When did a Southern "slave-driver" put a price on drinking water? When did we ever huddle 72 slaves in one tenement? When did we ever have negro women clubbed? When did we ever tear babes from motherly bosoms, and then fling the babes, by the heels, into a police van?

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Mr. Nadal alleges that the Southern

writers dared not tell the truth about slavery. Does he mean to say that Hinton Helper, of the "Impending Crisis," prevaricated? The book of that North Carolinian was adopted, as campaign literature, by the leaders of the Abolition crusade.

Did not Moncure D. Conway, the high-born Virginian, tell the truth about slavery?

Did not Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, write the truth about slavery? He seemed to think that he was doing so.

Did Mr. Nadal ever read Thomas Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia?" No writer ever expressed himself more forcibly against slavery than did the Sage of Monticello.

Did not the fiery John Randolph of Roanoke manumit his slaves, who were colonized in Ohio? *Did not Southern men voluntarily free more slaves than gained freedom under the abolition laws of the North?* WERE NOT THE GREAT CHURCHES MOVING TOWARD EMANCIPATION, WHEN THE NORTH THREW INTO INFLAMMABLE MATERIALS, THE FIRE-BRAND OF FORCIBLE INTERFERENCE WITH OUR DOMESTIC AFFAIRS? To each of these questions, History will answer, "*Yes.*"

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Mr. Nadal charges Southern literature with imitation, affectation, exaggeration, sentimentality, lack of vigor, and lack of truth. Even Poe is accused of imitating Europe. Mr. Nadal says that even in their "jokes," the Southern authors were imitative; and he lugs in *a nick-name*, which an imaginary master applies to an imaginary slave, in one of Gilmore Simms' novels! When did nick-names become synonymous with jokes?

Poe had the most *original* genius that ever took possession of an English-speaking literateur. His system of word melody and repetition are not to be found, anterior to his death. He borrowed the germ from Dr. Cheever of Georgia; but to his own genius and art, were due its elaboration and perfection. Europe imitated Poe, both in his poetry, and in his prose short stories; Swinburne was his disciple in rhyme; DeMaupassant, in the short story.

Mr. Nadal gravely assures us that no such "crystal palace," as Poe describes, existed near Richmond, or Baltimore, the Southern towns most familiar to Poe; and he furthermore asserts, with soberness and conviction, that Ulalume, Annabel Lee and Guy de Vere were of "foreign extraction, so far as they had any existence outside of Poe's own head."

How does anything quite so stupid find its way into a respectable magazine? We will be told, next, that Don Quixote is an imaginary person.

It is not agreeable to have wiseacres come around, and make us lose faith in the materiality of the characters in Shakespeare's "Tempest" and his "Midsummer-night's Dream." Heavens above! Are we to be told that the "Ancient Mariner" had no existence, outside of Coleridge's head? Are we to give up "Tom Jones," "My Uncle Toby," and "Peregrine Pickle?" If something is not done to stay the iconoclastic hand of this Mr. Nadal, all literature may become involved in a general cataclysm. Marry come up! are we to be supinely acquiescent, while this man, who doesn't know the difference between a jest and sobriquet, tries to convince us that the "Faerie Queen" had no existence outside of Spenser's head? And that the "Maud," of Tennyson, is either of foreign extraction, or a creature of poetic invention? Odd zooks!

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Which of the Northern poets were original? Which of them did Southern poets imitate?

Let us examine some of this superexcellent literature.

Bryant is remembered on account of

his Thanatopsis—a metrical version of an old English book that was republished in New York some time before the poem appeared. The book was called "The Way of Life."

Excepting his "Lines to a Waterfowl," there is hardly to be found any real poetry in all the rest of Bryant's works.

In Longfellow, we have the poetical sentiment, unaccompanied by poetic genius. The versification of Hiawatha, for example, is neither verse nor prose. It is a bastard compound, and the ear grows weary of it. "The Psalm of Life," is a German adaptation. "Nightfall" is exquisite, but not great. It certainly does not excel the "Evening Song" of our Georgia bard, Sydney Lanier.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was the author of some very dainty verse; and his Autocrat is a classic of rare merit and originality. It is, however, the work of a jeweler, rather than a sculptor: there is art, high finish, elegance and beauty, but no sublimity, no fierce passion that takes the soul by storm.

In the work of Francis Orran Ticknor, the Southern poet, there is all of Dr. Holmes' polish; and there is an intensity of fervor which is not to be found in Holmes, or Bryant, or Longfellow. In originality, Dr. Ticknor has few equals; and he touches almost every chord of feeling.

Are John G. Saxe, and poor old Mr. John Whittier, still considered poets? Alas! read a stanza or two of Whittier's "Kathleen:"

"O Norah, lay your basket down,
And rest your weary hand.
And come and hear me sing a song
Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,
A mighty lord was he;
And he did wed a second wife,
A maid of low degree."

This maid of low degree at once became a virago, one of the Blue hen's chickens. She feeds her kindred on white bread: the kindred of the mighty lord are fed on black bread: the beautiful daughter of this mighty lord is sold into slavery, by the second wife, the hair of the girl having first been cut off, and her silk dress changed for one of tow. All that the mighty lord can do is to beat his breast, and moan, and tear his beard. A bold young man appears, who offers to find the girl, if the mighty lord will give her in marriage to the bold young man. The mighty lord consents, of course. Then the bold young man finds the girl, of course. The wicked second wife dies, of course. The last stanza is—

"And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,
And a happy man is he,
For he sits beside his own Kathleen,
With her darling on his knee."

(We must assume that this "darling" is not her bold spouse, but her babe.)

I wonder if that sort of stuff is still accepted as poetry, up in New England.

In "Maud Muller," Mr. Whittier came as near to the poetic as he ever did. And there is no *poetry*, in Miss Muller.

Was James Russell Lowell a poet? Some of his prose Essays are masterpieces; but in the realm of rhyme, he conquered little that will endure. He had his day and his say—and is no longer read. Walt Whitman indeed, was original—and unspeakably coarse and inarticulate.

Who, then, among the Northern bards founded a school, and was flattered by the imitation of Southern poets?

Amelia Welby, Mary Ashley Townshend, Clara V. Dargan, Mary Chapin Smith, Sydney Lanier, F. O. Ticknor, Paul H. Hayne, Edgar Poe, James R. Randall, and Henry Timrod, are cer-

tainly not imitative; and they are not affected, or weak. Nearly all of them have been neglected; but, as the years glide by, they are ascending higher and higher, while the Northern poets are rapidly losing their old pre-eminence.

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Who are the Northern historians that command Southern imitation? Which of our ante-bellum chroniclers have been apes to Bancroft and Hildreth? Which of them affected the style of Macaulay, or Gibbon?

Is Watson's "Philip II." any kin to Robertson's "Charles V.?" Is Gayarre's "Louisiana" an imitation of some other book? What Northern master had Dr. Ramsay and Prof. Tucker, for scholars? From whom did John Esten Cooke borrow the delightful style and method of his "Virginia?"

At present, the men of the South are re-writing history, in many directions; and we are using original materials, that were inaccessible to the ante-bellum historians, but which are indispensable to faithful narrative. Therefore, we are sending the Bancrofts, the Schoulers, the Hildbreths and the Robertsons to the scrap heap.

Without the original sources, found in Southern literature, it is impossible to write the history of this Republic. Garden's "Anecdotes of the Revolution," General Harry Lee's "War in the Southern Department," Wheeler's "North Carolina," McCall's "Georgia," Stith's "Virginia," Baldwin's "Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi," Sparks' "Memories of Fifty Years," Davy Crockett's "Memoirs," Pickett's "Alabama," Guild's "Old Times in Tennessee," Tyler's "Memories of Taney," DuBose's "Life and Times of Yancey," Stephens' "War between the States," Benton's "Thirty Years' View," Gurland's "John Randolph," Marshall's "Washington," the Madison Journal of the Constitution Convention of 1789; Madison's contributions to "The Federalist," McCrary's "South Carolina," Smith's "Kentucky," Page's "Old South," Smith's "South Carolina," Fleming's "Alabama," Alexander's "Mecklenberg," Garrett's "Alabama," DeLeon's "Four Years in Rebel Capitals," Brown's "Lower South in History,"—these are some of the Southern books which no historian, intent upon truthful narrative, can afford to ignore. There are very many others that might be named—such as Hardin's "Troup," Gilmore's "Georgians," Baldwin's "Party Leaders," the Lewis and Clarke Diary, the "Life" of Gen. Sam Dale, "Dropped Stitches of Tennessee History," Brownlow's "Andrew Johnson," and the same author's version of the Civil War origins.

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Have Northern biographers produced anything equal to Randall's "Jefferson;" or Tyler's "Patrick Henry;" or DuBose's "Yancey?" Who has made it necessary to re-cast so much American history as did Moncure D. Conway, in his "Edmund Randolph," his "Thomas Paine," and his own "Memoirs?"

To how many Northern authors are we more deeply indebted than to William Byrd of Virginia?

Who left on record a larger amount of indispensable historical material than the pompous, but laborious Benton?

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Mr. Nadal expresses contempt for Kennedy's "Swallow Barn." Other, and more competent, critics have declared that it is the truest picture, extant, of Colonial life. We will not wrangle over it; but I would like to know whether Mr. Nadal has read "Henry St. John, Gentleman." This novel deals with the era of Lord Dunmore, the last of the royal Governors of Virginia. I venture the assertion that no ante-bellum fiction of the North equals this work of the Virginian,

John Esten Cooke. The period chosen lends itself to the tragic and the romantic; the events and the imaginary personages group themselves on historic spots of the greatest interest, and around historic characters that are immortal. It seems to me that the story is exceedingly virile, glowing with local color, abounding with incident, and presenting men and women so vividly that they live and move and compel like, or dislike, as actual human beings do. St. John *is* a gentleman, and is not a stick, like some of Sir Walter Scott's heroes. Bonnybell is a genuine girl, not an impossible "Little Nell," or "Bella Wilfer." But the true hero and dominating personage, is the ever fresh, ever stalwart Captain Ralph Waters. Never was a dashing, soldierly figure more fascinating. I cannot call to mind any military name in American or European fiction that even compares with the beau-sabreur of John Esten Cooke. Nor do I know of any novel whose dialogues are so crisp, swift and to the point, and contributing so much to the narrative.

Sir Walter Scott, Stanley Weyman and Charles Lever all tried their hands at portraying soldiers of the Thirty Years' War, and of the campaigns of Frederick the Great: Sir Walter failed, Lever overdrew, and Weyman constructed impossible plots. On the contrary Cook's "St. John" is perfect.

Who has written war stories that surpass Cooke's "Surrey, of Eagle's Nest," and his "Hammer and Rapier?" Who ever drew a more life-like and captivating pen-portrait than Cooke's Stuart, in "The Wearing of the Grey?"

Mr. Nadal condescends to mention Thomas Nelson Page, as the author of "some sketches" that he, Nadal, has "seen in the magazines." Yet one of these sketches was "Marse Chan," an absolutely perfect short story—as "Meh Lady," is another.

Mr. Nadal has heard of Father Tabb, who published "some very delicate poems." It would seem that Father Tabb so carefully avoided the vulgar and the indelicate that his name got lodged in the remembrance of Nadal, who has no word of recognition for the wonderfully fine sentiment, artistic polish and beautiful expression of Father Ryan. *There*, was the poetic soul, and the poetic thought and the poetic form.

Mr. Nadal doesn't think much of "Georgia Scenes," and Baldwin's "Flush Times." He makes no mention of "Sut Lovingood" (by Harris) nor of Simon Suggs, nor of Major Jones' Courtships, nor of Bill Arp, nor of Mark Twain, nor of Will Harben, nor of J. L. M. Curry. He has not read John Wise's "End of an Era." He knows nothing, apparently, of Helen Glasgow, Mary Johnston, Augusta J. Evans, Mrs. E. Henry-Ruffin, nor the author of the delightful "Colonel Carter, of Cartersville."

Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin—a descendant of Thomas Jefferson—in her great novel, "The North Star," so completely recreated the era of the Medieval Vikings, that the King of Norway recognized her genius and bestowed upon her a royal decoration. There is nothing in our literary annals comparable to this, for the King of Italy went no further with F. Marion Crawford than to write him a letter of thanks, for his glorification of modern Italy. And, by the way, this magazine was the only one that noticed the magnificent tribute paid by the Norwegian Monarch to the Mobile authoress whom I know to be a devout Romanist in religion. (There's nothing narrow about my treatment of people and subjects.)

All of us know that Poe founded a school—was a pioneer who discovered and peopled a new world. But did not Joel Chandler Harris, of Georgia, do likewise? He created folk-lore literature that had no predecessor, and which will endure forever. Did two

of the Northern literatti accomplished anything similar?

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John M. Daniel, of Virginia, founded a new school of Journalism. He was the Pulitzer of his day. He was the Camille Desmoulins of South-

Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin

ern Secession. His trenchant, fearless, concise, original manner of treating his subject gradually revolutionized the editorial style of the American press, leaving the State-paper dignity and elaboration to the old fogys. It was in this modern school, that Henry Grady made such a reputation.

A Southern editor was the introducer of the paragraphic method of treating important subjects, each thought being brought out in a separate paragraph. His innovation was immediately, and universally adopted. That style first appeared in "The People's Party Paper," of 1891.

A Southern author took History off her stilts, made her talk in the language and in the spirit of the great lawyer stating a case to a jury, or a reporter writing up an occurrence with such lucid simplicity that all readers will be interested and informed. One consequence of the new Southern style is, that very many more people are reading history than ever before. Even Macaulay and Carlisle are sometimes hard reading, while the pomp and Olympian stride of Gibbon often cause a yawn. The later style has endless variety, is grave or gay as subject changes; is perfectly simple and clear, tells the story in a connected manner, and corncerns itself less about kings and battles, than about people and institutions.

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And Mr. Nadal alleges that the Southern planter, living amid his slaves, became a degenerate Sir Roger de Coverly. A glance at the Pension-roll of the Federal Government, carrying as it does 900,000 names, would seem to indicate that these Southern De Coverly's were most destructive fighters. For four years, they kept up a five-to-one fight against the best men the North could send to the field. And no one doubts that had the 263,000 Southerners who joined the Union Army enlisted under the flag of the Confederacy, the South would have achieved her independence. Had she done so, we would not now see the impoverishment and enslavement of the common people by the marauding corporations which Republican legislation created and fostered.

When such slave owners as Wade Hampton, M. C. Butler, "Jeb" Stuart,

Turner Ashby, Pierce Young, Robert E. Lee, Dick Taylor, John B. Gordon, Alfred H. Colquitt, and hundreds of others, won imperishable renown as commanders in pitched battles, it is mere crass ignorance, or blind perversity to speak of their class contemptuously. What ever else they may have been, they were not weaklings. They may have lived like English squires, but they had, also, the stalwart manhood, the warlike prowess of the English squire. Mr. Nadal may really believe that Slavery enervated the Master: that opinion was not held by McClellan, Sherman, Grant, Sheridan, Meade, Hooker, Rosecrans, Hancock, Thomas, Seigel, McDowell, Shields and Pleasanton. Nor was any such opinion held by Stanton, Halleck and Lincoln.

Mr. Nadal probably does not know that there were only about 250,000 slaveholders in the South; and that this minority could never have established a mental Reign of Terror. It was a slave-holder, Robert Toombs, who told the U. S. Senate—told it in burning words that will ring down the corridors of Time—that the South sought nothing but the rights guaranteed her in the Compact which seduced her from the Second Confederation into this consolidated despotism of class-rule, called the Union.

Excepting racial and sectional hatred, there was no reason in God Almighty's world why Slavery should not have been bloodlessly abolished in the South, as it was in the English Colonies, and in South America.

Some Reminiscences of the Firing Line

A Stirring Incident of the Days of '61

In September, 1864, three brigades of Field's division, viz, Benning's Laws, and Hood's old brigade, Gen. Griz Cavalry and the Virginia militia (which consisted of a lot of old gray-headed men and beardless boys) constituted the forces defending Richmond on the North side of the James River. Sept. 25th, if memory is not at fault, our scouts reported that the Federals were preparing to advance. Sixty rounds of cartridges were issued to each soldier. The writer was sent with a detail of 30 men from the 15th Ga. to re-inforce the picket line. We were expecting the Federals to attack at any moment; at day-break the enemy drove back our pickets on our right and left. Fearing the enemy would flank us, we retreated to our line of works.

When we arrived, we found only one man who was left to guard our baggage, with an order from Major Shannon, commanding officer of the 15th Ga., to join our command at Fort Harrison. We had not gone far in that direction when we met Gen. Gary, who, upon learning our destination, informed us that Fort Harrison had fallen into the hands of the enemy. At that time, there was heavy musketry to left of Newmarket Heights. The Federal General, Ord, had hurled his army corps against the Texas Brigade and Gray's dismounted cavalry. Gen. Gray looked in the direction of the Darbytown road through his field-glasses, reigned his mount at right angle to the firing line, and said, "Men, I shall assume command of you for the present, Right Face! Trail arms! Double-quick! March."

When we arrived at our second line of works, the General turned to me and said, "Sergeant, keep your men here, and support this battery until you receive further orders." About an hour later, we were relieved and ordered to report at Fort Gilmer. On arrival, we found six companies of the 15th Ga. in the Fort and a company of "home guards," and heard some of the particulars of the fall of Fort Harrison. The Federals, under command of General Butler, attacked Fort Harrison; the 15th Ga. was sent to reinforce the garrison. The enemy, failing to compass his ends by direct assault, concentrated a heavy force against the

thin, gray line on the right. Being overwhelmed by numbers, the Confederates fell back and, before the garrison was aware of the fact, the enemy were entering the Fort from the rear and demanding the surrender of the garrison. Major Shannon extricated the 15th Ga. from its perilous dilema by a bayonet charge. In this charge, Lieutenant Norman, of Co. F., 15th Ga. was killed. No braver man ever drew a blade in the defense of his country.

The Federals, flushed with success by the capture of Fort Harrison, evidently thought they would capture Fort Gilmer by similar tactics; the battle was opened by an attack upon our right, by a heavy force. When the enemy reached a point where the line of battle could be enfiladed, we were ordered to fire. Our men poured a galling fire upon them—infilading their line with artillery and infantry. The effect was magical—the enemy, disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up. At this stage of the game, the Federals made a simultaneous attack upon the Fort and our defences to left of the Fort. The negro soldiers opened wide their ebon mouths and shouted, "Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!" This challenge to mortal combat was accepted by the Confederates with a rebel yell that made the "welkins ring" above the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry. These negro soldiers advanced upon the Fort at "Trail Arms—Double-Quick time,—shouting and yelling. No quarters to the—— Rebels. Remember Fort Pillow!"

For an hour we fought across the parapets of the Fort; we did not fire at random. Every soldier took deliberate aim. At the discharge of his musket, a negro-cap would fly up in the air. In this engagement, the writer had a close call. Standing near our colors and, looking to my right for a negro, who cocasionally would raise his head above the works, our color bearer shouted, "Look out, Seargeant! That negro in front will shoot you!" In an instant I covered him with my gun. Before I could fire, he shot a hole through my coat collar. In a few moments he raised his hand above the embankment. While ramming a cartridge, I took aim at his arm and was about to fire, when he, unconsciously raised his head. I shifted aim from arm to head and pulled trigger. His cap went up like the bound of a rubber ball.

Private J. D. Adams belonging to the litter corps, being imbued with the spirit "to do or die," and having no gun, picked up a tent pole and did some heroic "mauling" on the heads of these yankee coons. If he did not kill any of them, it was because their skulls were too thick to be crushed by his weapon. A mulatto mounted the works, calling upon his comrades to follow, but was instantly killed. One of his comrades cried out, "Dar! Dey dun kilt Corpul Dick!"

Our cannoniers took sixty pound shells, cut the fuse to two minutes and threw them upon the negroes. The explosion of these shells were terrific. Soon a white flag was raised and the colonel commanding the negroes mounted the works and gave the Masonic grand-hailing sign of "distress." It was well he did. Had he not, the boys would certainly have "remembered Fort Pillow."

The colonel surrendered his sword to private Adams of tent pole fame. The Lieutenant Colonel surrendered his sword to the writer. He has it yet.

Just as the negroes surrendered, General Anderson, ("Old Tige," the soldiers called him,) arrived with his gallant brigade to re-inforce us. On arrival, Private George Snellings, of Company C., shouted: "too late, 'Tige,' too late, for the coon fight. 'Old Rock' hat treed—caught and whipped them all!" At this rally the old 15th Ga. gave a rebel yell that was electrifying. Imme-

diately Field's entire division was cheering. This ended the battle of Fort Gilmer.

Perhaps the reader may ask, "What about the Virginia 'Home Guard?' Those old gray-haired men and beardless boys fought as valiantly as if they had been veterans of a hundred battles. "The despots heel was on their shore"—they did what they could to drive him back. Angels could have done no more.

Amity, Ga. J. M. Hudson.

A War-Time Diary

(The following is an exact copy of a Diary kept by G. W. Clemmer, of Company "C." 3rd Tenn. Confederate Volunteers. From 1861 to 1863.)

Owing to the election of a Northern man, with avowed anti-slavery principles, to the presidency of the United States, some of the cotton states, by a vote of the people, dissolved all connection with the U. S. as a government.

About the 12th of April, 1861, Gen. Beaureguard bombarded and captured Fort Sumpter near Charleston, S. C., which fort the Federal forces under Maj. Anderson had occupied for several weeks. About this time Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, made a proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers, and commanding the rebels to disband and return home to their families. This proclamation aroused every true Southern mind, and in a few weeks they were flocking by thousands to the defense of Southern rights and Southern institutions.

My history shall be confined to the 3rd Tennesssee Regiment,and more particularly to Co. "C." of that regiment.

The first Company from Polk county left for Knoxville on the 13th of May, under the command of Capt. John F. Hannah. After this Company left, another was made up, to which I attached myself. The Company was organized on the 16th of May, by the election of E. P. Douglass, Capt; J. S. Hodge, 1st Lieutenant; R. W. Haney, 2nd Lietutenant; and A. D. Donaldson, Jr., 3rd Lientenant. The Sergeants were J. W. Fender, 1st; T. N. Lawson, 2nd; G. W. Clemmer, 3rd, and F. M. Longley, 4th. G. W. Morris was afterward elected 5th Sergeant.

On the evening of the 27th of May the Company met in Benton, to pay their last tribute of respect to that place and its inhabitants. The citizens of the town and surrounding country flocked to the place, to take a long leave of their sons and friends who were embarking in the cause of their threatened country. A torch light procession was formed, with the company in front, the ladies in the center, and the citizens, men and boys, in the rear. The procession being formed, the torches all burning, and every door and window brightly illuminated with candles, we marched through the different streets of the town, and being but a few days after the State of Virginia had withdrawn from the old Union, the procession marched to the tune of "Old Virginia." The night was beautiful, and the scene grand and exciting. At one time the procession extended around the entire public square. The doors and windows were filled with young ladies and little girls, with their hands full of bouquets, which they cast in the way of the volunteers. After marching around for some time, we heard some speeches from S. A. Smith, J. L. Milburn and others. About 11 o'clock the procession was dismissed, and all retired to take their usual repose in sleep. At daylight next morning, according to an appointment, the bells of the churches and academies began to ring a doleful chime, which sound I shall never forget. It awakened me from my slumber, and told me that was the appointed time for me to leave home, kindred, friends, and all that is dear to man, march to

the battlefield, and there be exposed to all the hardships and dangers of a soldier's life, in defense of "the homes of those we love." Being aroused by the ringing of the bells, all arose, and after taking a little refreshment, we bid adieu to the little village where the most of our youthful days had been spent in peace and happiness.

May 28th, we left Benton, crossed the river, and proceeded to Erby Boyd's where a breakfast was prepared for us. We ate this, and marched on to Charleston, where we arrived about 11 o'clock. When we arrived we found that a dinner had been prepared and set in the depot for us. We ate this with great relish, and then mounting the cars, we were soon "off for Knoxville." As the iron horse went prancing along through towns and villages, and over plantations, we were saluted by the shouts of men and boys as they were working in the fields, and by the waving of handkerchiefs from the doors and windows of almost every house. But I am sorry to say there were many who turned the back of their hands upon us, thereby expressing their contempt for our cause.

We arrived at Knoxville at about 8 o'clock in the evening, marched out through the town, and proceeded to the fair ground where the troops encamped. When we arrived in camps, we found a supper ready for us, which had been prepared by Capt. Lillard's Company.

On the next day our company was mustered into the service of the State of Tennessee, and began to drill. On the same day our regiment was organized, J. C. Vaughn, Colonel; J. J. Reese, Lieutenant Colonel and G. W. Morgan, Major.

While we remained at Knoxville, a portion of the men of East Tennessee held a convention at that place. Some of us new volunteers went over to see what they were doing, and heard the conclusion of a speech by the traitor, Andy Johnson.

June 2nd, our regiment marched out and took the cars for Lynchburg. On the same evening, as the train was running a brisk gait, one of the boxes broke down, throwing itself and two other boxes off the track. This was a serious accidet to our regiment on its first starting out. About fifteen of our boys were wounded, one of whom afterwards died. While the laborers were repairing the road, some of the soldiers being hungry, went to a house near the place, where lived a man by the name of Hodge. At that house we were kindly treated and fed as long as they could find anything to cook, for which they would not receive a cent as compensation. All being ready, we again mounted the cars, the iron horse gave a snort, and once more we were on our way to Lynchburg, receiving now and then the salute of the farmers in the corn field, and the ladies in their windows.

The next day we stopped at Bristol, took dinner, changed cars, and again set out for Lynchburg.

June 4th. We arrived at Lynchburg, and took up quarters in the fair ground. On the 6th we were mustered into the service of the Confederate States of America, and were numbered the 3rd Tennessee Regiment.

On the 12th we left Lynchburg to join Gen. Johnson's army at Harpers' Ferry. We arrived at Manassas Junction in the evening, took the Manassas Gap railroad, and proceeded to Strausburg, where we arrived the next morning. From there we marched to Winchester, arrived there at 5 in the evening, and pitched our tents in the fair ground. As we marched through that place we were received with shouts and yells from all parts of the town, every window from the first to the third stories was filled with angelic forms and fair faces, cheering us by waving their handkerchiefs and small flags.

About the time we came to Winchester, Gen. Johnson burned the bridge at

Harpers' Ferry, and was falling back to Winchester.

June 14th. We were ordered to Romney. The first day we marched 7 miles. On the 15th we waited for re-enforcement, the 10th and 13th Virginia Regiments joined us, and we marched on under the command of Col. Hill of the 13th Virginia Regiment. On the 16th we pitched our tents on a beautiful little stream called the North river. The next day we arrived at Romney, found the yankees had been there, but had retired to New Creek depot, a distance of 18 miles from Romney.

June 18th. Our company got up a petition for Capt. Douglass to resign his office, which petition was signed by a majority of the company, but he refused. On the same evening Col. Hill sent out a detachment of men under Col. Vaughn. They left camps at 8 P. M., marched to New Creek depot where they arrived at sunrise the next morning. As they approached the place, they saw a number of yankees on the opposite side of the river, employed in guarding the bridge. Our men fired a few rounds at them, put them to flight, took two pieces of artillery, a stand of colors, and some clothing. They then set fire to the bridge, burned a number of cars, tore up the rail-road, took down the telegraphic wire, and then returned to camps where they arrived about 4 P. M.

On the morning of the 21st we again took up our line of march for Winchester. The first day we marched 18 miles and pitched our tents on the North river. On the 22nd we rested till evening and then marched 8 miles.

June 23rd. Marched 18 miles and camped within four miles of Winchester. On the 24th, we marched about 6 miles in a Southeasterly direction and camped in a forest near a large mill pond. While we remained there, several of our boys took the measels, and we took possession of a stone-house near our camps, which we used as a hospital. There we were also paid for our services in the State of Tennessee before we were mustered into the Confederate service at Lynchburg. June 28th, we marched 6 miles Northward and pitched our tents in a rocky field one mile West of Winchester. We remained there for several days, the most of the time we occupied in drilling. About this time a brigade was formed of the 3rd Tennessee, the 10th and 13th Virginia, and the Baltimore, or 1st Md. Regiment. This was called the 4th Brigade, and was placed under the command of Col. Elsey of the Baltimore Regiment.

July 2nd. Gen. Johnson marched with all his forces to meet Gen. Patterson at Martinsburg. I was not well at the time, and remained in camp until the 5th. I then heard that no battle had yet been fought, but they were expecting it to commence every hour. A number of us then set out to go to the Regiment. We left camp at 4 in the evening, and arrived at the rear of our army about midnight, but could not find our Regiment among such a vast number of troops; so we lay down and rested till morning. At daylight we arose and soon found our Regiment, but Co. C was on picket at the time.

July 6th. We were kept in line of battle for several hours, expecting Patterson to come out and give us battle, but he would neither come out nor send the women and children out of town, so that we could attack him.

On the morning of the 7th we again took up our line of march for Winchester. The soldiers were ready and anxious for a fight; some of them complained and were disposed to censure Gen. Johnson for this movement, as also they did when he left Harpers Ferry. But time proved that Johnson was wiser than his men, and that these movements were some of the greatest acts of his life. After a very fatiguing

march through the heat and dust, we arrived in camps about 6 in the evening. On the same night, S. S. Matlock, who was one of our color guard, was taken with a pain in his side caused by the previous days march. This afterwards resulted in his death.

July 15th. We moved our camps one mile North of Winchester. There we were drawn up in line of battle several times, expecting an attack from Gen. Patterson's forces. About this time Gen. Patterson started with all of his forces toward Washington, to join Gen. Scott's army at Arlington Heights. July 18, Gen. Johnson marched with all his forces to join Gen. Beauregard at Manassas. Our Regiment was ordered to march about 11 o'clock, but not having a sufficient number of wagons, to haul our baggage, Col. Vaughn refused to march till he received an order from Gen. Johnson to press what wagons he needed. The Regiment then marched while a number of us were left back with the baggage. We went into Winchester, and finding there some wagons loaded with hay, wood, etc., we began to "press them into the service," which set the troubled women to crying. One lady who had moved in from the vicinity of Martinsburg to get away from the yankees, related such a touching story of her past troubles and present situation, that we left her wagon with her. Having loaded up our baggage we started about sunset, drove all night, came up with the Regiment at sunrise on the banks of the Shenandoah river.

July 19. We crossed the river at 8 o'clock, crossed the Blue Ridge about noon, and marched on through Paris and Upperville; at the latter place we were kindly received, the citizens cooking provisions, setting large tables in their yards, and even carrying it into the streets, and giving to the hungry soldiers as they passed by. Then we changed our direction and marched to Piedmont, where we arrived about 10 in the night.

July 20. We remained at Piedmont, a collision having taken place near that station, tearing up the railroad; we were detained there till Sunday 21st.

July 21, we mounted the cars, started for Manassas Junction where we landed about 12. When we arrived there we could hear the roaring of cannons, and see the clouds of smoke and dust rising up from the plains of Bull Run. The great battle of Manassas was then raging in all its fury. Our brigade marched out, slung knapsacks, and started to the field of action in double quick time, through the parching sun and thick clouds of dust. I, and some others, were left to guard the baggage, so we were not in the action. I looked around me, viewed every thing that met my eye, watched the clouds of smoke and dust as they arose from the battlefield, listened to the booming of cannons, in that direction, and mused on the bloody work then going on. A short time after the Regiment left, a train of cars came up loaded with soldiers. President Davis stepped out of the cars, and rode to the battlefield to assist in the great struggle that was there going on.

Towards night the wagons began to roll up, loaded with our wounded soldiers. At the same time our men began to bring in yankee prisoners by hundreds. About sunset there came a dispatch stating that the enemy was coming in from the East, which caused great excitement. We were then ordered to clear the place of all baggage. The wagons were loaded up and driven out of the place about two miles, the women and children were all moved out of the place to get them out of all danger. But this report proved to be a false alarm, for at that time Gen. Scott's whole army was retreating towards Fairfax C. H. Jeff Davis was pursuing them with cavalry and artillery, and was cutting them to pieces

desperately. Thus the battle of the 21st passed off with the loss of many true and brave Southern men, but with a heavier loss on the side of the enemy.

The loss in the 3rd Tennessee Regiment was: one man killed, a Spaniard in Capt. Hannah's Co.; two or three wounded, one of whom was R. F. Morrow, in Co. C, slightly wounded in the foot.

July 22. We drove our wagons back to the Junction, and found the Regiment on the same ground where they had left us. We then marched 2 miles to the Northeast, and camped in an old field near the railroad. At 8 the same night we were ordered to strike tents and be ready to march. It had been raining all day, and was still raining very hard. We struck tents, loaded up our wagons, and stood out in the rain till 4 in the morning, when we received orders to march. The 3rd Tennessee, the Baltimore Regiment, and Col. Stuart's cavalry, and 4 pieces of artillery then took up their line of march for Fairfax C. H. We marched on through mud from 4 to 6 inches deep, waded Bull Run, and pushed on towards Centerville. When we arrived at that place, we began to see the effects of the battle. From Centerville to the Court House, the road was strewn with the baggage of the retreating enemy. Wagons, cooking vessels, knapsacks, blankets, clothing of all kinds, guns, cartridge boxes, spades, and everything that pertains to an army were abundant. The boys found as many crackers and as much sugar as they could eat, which was very acceptable to them as they were very hungry for want of time to cook provisions. We arrived at the C. H. about 1 P. M. and found that the enemy had all left for Alexandria. We stopped on the east of town, and Co. G went on picket. I strolled about town, viewing everything and went into a house and took dinner with an old lady, who told me a great many things about the treatment they had received from the yankees. She showed me several articles of furniture which they had broken in pieces. They had taken from her a fine silver watch, bursted open her cellar door and taken out all of the provisions they could find. They had taken a young lady's piano into the street and were going to cut it to pieces with an axe, but a friend of hers bought it from them and returned it to its owner. I went into a store house in which they had not left $5 worth of properyt.

I had heard of depredations, thefts and robberies, but when I saw with my own eyes, I was made to say, "the half has not been told."

July 24. We put up our tents and remained there several days, drilling and scouting the forests in search of yankees and yankee property.

August 2nd. It was reported that about 1,000 of the yankees were trying to get around our picketes to cut them off. At 10 P. M., our Regiment, the Baltimore Regiment and two pieces of artillery marched to Anadale near the picket line. We arrived there about 1 in the morning, lay down by the road side and rested till daylight. Some scouts were then sent out who could discover no signs of an attack, so we returned to camps. On the same day, we removed our tents to the north of town.

August 8th. Prince Napoleon came over from Washington, took dinner with Col. Stuart, and proceeded to Manassas Junction.

August 12th. We moved camps to Fairfax Station, which is on the railroad 3 miles from the Court House. On the 23rd, we received orders to be ready to march. At 4 P. M. the Regiments were formed, and the whole Brigade was marched out within one mile of the C. H., where we halted and rested. There the order was countermanded and we returned to camps. On the evening of 25th we were again marched out to the same place, the order

was countermanded and we returned to camps. On the 27th, Co. C went on picket on the old Braddock road, 2 miles from camp. This road was cut out by Gen. Braddock . . . .when he marched for Winchester with . . . . . men and was defeated . . . While we were on picket there it rained almost incessantly, and we had a very disagreeable time. About daylight the next morning our Regiment left camps, and marched to the picket line on the Alexandria and Leesburg railroad, leaving our Company on the Braddock road. About sunset we were relieved and returned to camps.

August 29. A part of our Company, guarded some wagon loads of provisions which were going to the Regiment. While on picket at that place, the line of our picket and that of the enemy were so near each other that they kept up a continual fire at each other. But owing to the situation of the place where our Company stood, we were not permitted to fire at the enemy's pickets.

Munson's hill is on the Alexandria and Leesburg pike, about 8 miles from the Court House, 5 from Alexandria, and 6 from Washington City.

While on this hill I looked around upon the beautiful country, and began to reflect on the past and present condition of our country. I viewed the capital in Washington and thought of the many true patriots and statesmen who had filled its halls, from Washington down to the present time. But alas, thought I, these are all dead, and their places are filled with tyrants and demagogues, who are trying to overrun and destroy the liberties of a part of our once happy and peaceful nation. I cast my eyes upon the town of Alexandria, and saw that where the wheels of commerce once rolled so swiftly, and the whistling of steam engines was so often heard, nothing could now be heard but the screaming of the fife, the beating of drums, and the tramping of soldiers feet. I was made to sigh for the condition of our once happy and prosperous country; but when I took the second thought, the conviction rushed upon my mind, "IT MUST BE SO."

Sept. 11th. After lying down to rest for the night, it began to rain very hard and continued raining for several hours. We had nothing to shelter us except rail camps covered with straw. About 2 o'clock most of us crawled out and sought shelter in the neighboring barns and deserted houses. At daylight an alarm was raised and we were called up into the breastworks, expecting an attack from the enemy; but it proved to be a false alarm. In the evening of the same day we returned to camps.

September 22nd. Our Regiment went on picket at Mason's hill, which is 2 miles from Munson's hill. From that place we had a better view of Washington and Alexandria than from Munson's hill. We could see the Potomac river with boats and sloops passing up and down the stream. Arlington Heights, the heights near Alexandria, with all their fortifications were in full view. The stars and stripes were seen waving from every breastwork, and several regiments of the enemy were seen drilling upon the hills, and now and then a cannon was heard in the direction of Washington City. We remained there several days, standing picket and working on the breastworks. While there our officers received orders to retreat from the hill, should the enemy attack us; on the 26th, late in the evening it was reported that the enemy was coming; and in obedience to the order we fell back to Anadale, where we halted. After learning that no enemy was approaching, we marched back to the hill.

(To Be Continued.)

The Country Library, a Clearing-House of Books

(From the U. S. Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.)

EVERY inhabitant of the United States, no matter how far from the centers of population, will have practically as good library facilities as are now enjoyed by the average city dweller, if plans for the establishment of a new type of book-distributing agency works out according to the anticipations of the United States Commissioner of Education, Dr. P. P. Claxton, who is personally interested in their development. As the rural population of the United States numbers about 55 per cent. of the total population, the new library plan may have the effect of doubling the effectiveness of libraries, and of raising the standard of culture in this country to a corresponding degree.

The basis of the new scheme of book distribution is the establishment of libraries supported not by the State, city, or town, as at present, but by the county, with a central clearinghouse and branches at every post office, town hall, school, or other center of community life. Under this plan, many sections of the country which at present have no libraries will be enabled to establish them. If a given county has no community large enough to support a library unaided, the county-library plan will enable all the communities to club their resources by levying a county tax for library purposes, a free use of the books so obtained being insured by a system of branches maintained at common meeting places. Thus every time a rural resident goes to the nearest store, or every time his child goes to school, he will find a well-equipped library at his elbow.

Like the traveling libraries maintained by a number of States, the county library aims to find "a book for every man, and a man for every book." Although the two institutions have much in common, the more restricted territory covered by the county library allows it to adapt itself more closely to local needs than is possible for the State book-distributing agency.

The county-library plan has already been put into successful operation in Van Wert County, Ohio, where a main depository and fifteen branches are maintained at an expenditure of between $6,000 and $7,000 a year, this sum being raised by levying a half-mill county tax. The same appropriation also covered the cost last year of placing 89 additional branch libraries in the public schools. Fourteen counties in Wisconsin are now enjoying similar facilities.

The city library of Nashville, Tenn., has already adopted some of the features of the county-library plan, while a number of Carnegie libraries all over the country are also considering the same extension of their activities. Maryland, likewise, has made provision for county libraries, which are operated with State support.

"I consider the county-library plan an important step in the educational development of this country," said Dr. Claxton recently. "As is well known, the schooling of most persons is of such short duration that their cultural development must be obtained principally by their own efforts from books, and any plan which will increase the number and availability of the books at their command will naturally be an important factor in raising the standard of the average person's education.

"Generally speaking, the cities of the United States are well supplied with library facilities. However, there

still remains the great problem of giving the rural citizen the same opportunities of contact with the world of books as are enjoyed by his city brother. Personally, I believe that the inhabitants of rural districts profit even more from reading than do those who live in our centers of population. My own experience, as well as that of other educators, has been that country people read better books than townfolk; they read better books, and get more out of them.

"The ultimate effect of aiding the reading habit among the rural citizens, therefore, may readily be not only to increase the number of readers in this country but also to raise the standard of reading, and consequently the standards of life and culture."

Dr. Claxton went on to say that his advocacy of the county library was based on his personal observation of the Brumback Library of Van Wert County, Ohio, which is at present one of the few institutions of this kind in the country. The Brumback County Library is the result of the will of the late John Sanford Brumback, a merchant and banker of Van Wert, who directed that $19,000 from his estate should be devoted to the erection and furnishing of a library building as a free gift to Van Wert County, if the county would provide for its maintenance and its equipment of books. Later Mr. Brumback's children and heirs increased this donation to $50,000. With the money realized from a county-tax levy some 3,000 books were purchased in 1899, and these, together with 1,600 others turned over by the merger of an existing library, formed the nucleus of the present collection.

The library building erected by the Brumback estate was turned over to the county in 1901. It is a beautiful structure in the Gothic-Romanesque style of architecture, built of Bedford blue sandstone, with a tile and marble interior, fireproofed throughout. The bookstacks have a capacity of 25,000 volumes. With the handsome park in which it is located, the Brumback Library has become one of the show places of Van Wert.

This is the central depository for the county's system of branch libraries and school libraries. The branches are in charge of librarians who are paid $50 a year and are made responsible for the safe keeping of the books sent them. Rural merchants and postmasters are generally selected to conduct the branch libraries, as their establishments are most centrally located and most frequently visited. The collections of books in their charge range from 100 to 150, although if this is not a sufficient number additional volumes will be sent on request. Four times a year, or oftener, the branch librarian boxes up the books for which he is responsible and returns them to the central depository, receiving at once another collection.

The books thus forwarded are not the arbitrary hit-or-miss selection of the head librarian, but conform to the desires of the local readers, as ascertained at the branch itself. Before any books are sent out the branch librarian receives a list of the titles in every available traveling collection. Each title is accompanied with a note explaining the character and contents of the books listed. The users of the branch library then discuss these lists, and the box of books which contains the greatest number of works that interests the greatest number of readers is the box called for. If the contents of no one box prove interesting to the neighborhood, the main library will make up a special selection upon request. In this way the rural book-lover can obtain practically any work he desires for which there is an appreciable call.

The kind of books read by the country people of Van Wert County are of an unusually high character. One representative box contains a hundred

works, dealing with such varied subjects as philosophy, religion, sociology, language, science, the useful and fine arts, literature, travel, biography, history, and fiction. Books for young people comprise about one-fourth the entire list. Although these books are selected for the use of farming communities exclusively, there is not a single entry on practical agriculture, as it has been found that there is no call for this kind of reading. The fact that country folk apparently do not care to borrow library books dealing with their own occupation may or may not be due to a feeling that these are works which they would do better to buy outright, subject to an extended and painstaking study, and retain for reference purposes.

A most valuable feature of the Brumback Library's work is the establishment of loan collections for use in schools. These school libraries will be sent to any teacher who asks for them, the selection being made by the teacher or by the librarian, as the borrower prefers. Although this school-library department is only about four years old, it has grown so rapidly that today all but about 40 of the 125 country-school teachers in Van Wert County make use of its facilities.

The selections which teachers may draw out for school use are as large as desired. Usually as many books are taken as there are children in the room. These school sets are exchanged sometimes twice a month, but usually once a term, the interval being fixed by the teacher.

In this way books dealing with history, geography, and biography have been made popular subjects of reading among the school-children of Van Wert County. Nature studies and easy scientfic books are also in demand, while fairy tales, myths, and legends provide the child with an enjoyable introduction to literature. Occasionally members of school boards object to the introduction of library sets into the schools, on the ground that the children should give all their time to textbooks and the study of the three R's. However, it is the experience of a number of teachers that this supplementary reading has resulted in better schoolroom discipline and an increased interest in such subjects as geography and United States history.

The work of the school-library department of the Brumback Library is now broadening in an unexpected direction, for the parents of school children are coming more and more to borrow from these loan collections as well as from the formally constituted branch libraries. Thus Van Wert County provides that the whole world of books is brought to the very doorsteps of the remotest farmstead in its borders by a clearing-house system of libraries which Commissioner Claxton wishes to see in equally successful operation throughout the United States.

Sara Jane Appleton's Strike

Lucy Foster Madison

"THERE'S no use talkin', Sarah Jane, I ain't a-goin' to hev my money spent fer no sich foolishness." Farmer Appleton puffed his pipe so vigorously that the kitchen was blue with smoke.

"But, Silas," protested Mrs. Appleton, pouring a kettle of hot water over a pan full of dishes, "it ain't but fifty cents, and 'tain't as ef you couldn't afford it."

"Yes; but fifty cents here and fifty cents there soon counts up. Last year you wuz sot on red geraniums, and this year it's a patent-leather belt. What 'ud you do with it ef you had it? A woman of your age couldn't wear one of them shiny things. Sarah Jane, I'm surprised at you."

"I don't care," said Mrs. Appleton defiantly, "I'd wear it ef I am forty. Lots of women do that's older'n me. I've allers wanted one, and now they're reduced it seems as ef I ort to hev it."

"There's nothing the matter with that black ribbon of yourn," declared Mr. Appleton.

"Oh, ain't there?" sneered Sarah Jane. "Silas Appleton, I've worn that black ribbon three year, and it's a disgrace to any respectable woman. I did want them geraniums last year, and I wanted 'em bad. But you said no, and I give 'em up. I ain't had no new dress in five year, ner no new hat, nuther. I've worked hard and faithful an' I want that there belt. I'm just clean sot on it."

"Then you'd better git unsot, fer I'm not a-goin' to hev my money spent in no sich way." Silas arose and tapped the ashes out of his pipe energetically. "I don't know what comes over you at times, mother, but you do git the foolishest notions in your head. It does beat all! Ef you'd 'a' had your way, we wouldn't 'a' had nuthin' laid up. It 'ud all gone fer gewgaws."

"That ain't true, Silas Appleton, an' you know it!" flashed his wife so fiercely that Silas quailed involuntarily. "I've done my sheer towards gitting along ef ever a woman did. I've slaved night an' day with never a bit uv help 'ceptin' when the children come, an' you allers with your hired man. An' now I can't have a leetle ole fifty-cent belt! I notice, though, that it's allers me that has to give up. There ain't no stintin' on the terbacker." Her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears.

"That will do, Sarah Jane. I ain't goin' to hev no back talk from a woman. You've had yer board and keep, an' it's not many men that's the pervider that I am, ef I do say it that shouldn't. I ain't a-sayin' you ain't bin a helpmeet; yer have, but that's what women wuz made fer. God made man in His own image, and give him dominion over the beasts uv the fields, an' the fowls uv the air, an' God made woman, too, that she might minister to man an' sarve him jest like the other animals. When you don't do that, Sarah Jane, yer a-goin' agin the purpose uv yer creation. Remember that St. Paul commands women to adorn themselves with sobriety and modesty, ruther than——"

"St. Paul wuz an ole bachelor an' didn't know what he wuz talkin' about," said Sarah Jane flippantly. "I b'lieve you men stay awake nights jest huntin' up what Paul says agin' the pore women. Wisht I'd bin that thorn in his side! He'd 'a' had some purty sharp pricks, I can tell yer, fer the harm he's did us."

"Stop, woman!" thundered Silas, his face purple with rage. "Go down

on yer knees an' beg fergiveness fer that blasphemy. When I kum ter supper I want ter find yer humble, with a contrite heart as a wife ort ter be."

He left the kitchen, slamming the door after him, while Mrs. Appleton burst into tears.

"I don't keer," she said presently, wiping her eyes and resuming her dishwashing, "'taint right nohow. I ort ter have sump'n ter spend same as him. Ef he'd jest give me a little bit. Seems like I don't keer so much 'bout new things 'ceptin' when spring comes. But when the leaves are out, an' the brown airth gits a new coat uv green, an' the flowers come up so purty an' nice, seems as though it's nater to want sump'n new. I've allers give up ter Silas tell he's jest pumb spiled. But I ain't a-goin' ter this time. No, sir! I'm a-goin' ter hev that belt by hook or crook."

The worm had turned, and could Silas Appleton have seen the determined look in his wife's eye it might have convinced him that for once it would have been wiser to yield to the vanity of womanhood. But Silas did not see, and when he came in to supper everything seemed as usual, save for a certain aloofness in Mrs. Appleton's manner.

"A leetle discipline'll bring her round," Sarah Jane heard him mutter, but she only compressed her lips and held her head somewhat higher.

After supper the men who were helping Silas to get in his crops gathered in the parlor, while Sarah Jane cleared up the work and prepared for breakfast. It was fully nine o'clock before she could enter the parlor. There was never much time for recreation with Sarah Jane. An animated discussion was going on concerning a strike then in progress. Usually Mrs. Appleton was so tired from her labors of the day that she dozed while the men talked, but tonight her mind was on the alert, and she found herself listening with interest to the conversation.

"What air they strikin' fer?" she asked presently.

"Fer shorter hours an' higher pay," answered her husband.

He did not approve of women knowing about such things, but he feared that that belt might still lurk somewhere in the recess of his wife's mind, and he wished to distract her attention from it. So he humored her, and so Sarah Jane Appleton found herself possessed of more knowledge of strikes, lockouts, arbitration and other things of like ilk than she had known in all her life before.

"Well, I don't blame the pore fellers," she observed; "sich long hours is terrible, sure 'nuff."

"You don't know nuthin' 'bout sich things, Sarah Jane," exclaimed her husband testily.

"Mebbe I don't," rejoined Sarah, with a tightening of her lips as she thought of her own days—from four in the morning until nine at night, "Mebbe I don't, Silas, but I'm good at guessin'."

"It's time fer prayers," said Silas hastily. He didn't at all like that answer. The woman must be disciplined. He could see that it was needed. "It's time fer the Scripter an' prayers," he said.

Sarah Jane gave a snort of defiance as her husband turned to First Timothy and read: "'In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array;

"'But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works.

"'Let the women learn in silence with all subjection.

"'But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.

"'For Adam was first formed, then Eve.

"'And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression.'"

Never a word came from Sarah Jane while Silas wrestled long and fervently before the throne, praying that she might be endowed with a meek and humble and contrite heart. But there was a curious light in her eyes when she rose from her knees that spoke of anything but meekness.

That light shone still in her eyes at breakfast, but there was a shadow of a smile on her face also, which Silas, observing, congratulated himself upon his discipline, and hied away to the fields, for the time was early spring and he was unusually busy.

"Wonder what's the reason the horn don't sound fer dinner, Silas?" asked one of the men at the noon hour.

"I dunno," answered Silas. "Mebbe it ain't time yit. Yes, 'tis, too," he exclaimed, glancing at the sun. "It must 'a' tooted an' us not 'a' noticed. Come on, boys! Sarah Jane don't like her vittles ter stan'."

Tired and hungry, the men hurried toward the house. Silas paused aghast on the threshold of the kitchen. The fire was out. The breakfast dishes stood on the table unwashed. There was no sign of dinner, nor of Sarah Jane either.

Fearing he knew not what, he ran through the lower rooms quickly. She was not in any of them. Upstairs he dashed, calling her name frantically. The beds were unmade, the work undone. Silas came down and dropped meekly into a chair.

"She ain't up there," he said. "Where d'ye s'pose she is?"

"Hev yer tried the spare room, Silas?" asked one of the men. "I noticed the door wuz closed."

Silas started up eagerly. The spare room opened directly off the parlor, and Sarah Jane sometimes lay there when she had the headache.

"Sarah! Sarah Jane!" he called as he tried the door. "Air ye thar!"

"Well, what d'ye want?" came Sarah Jane's voice from behind the locked door.

"I want ter know the reason we ain't go no dinner!" cried Silas. "Air yer sick?"

"No; I ain't sick," answered Sarah Jane. "I've struck."

"Struck!" cried Silas. "What d'ye mean, Sarah?"

"I mean thet I hev gone on a strike," answered Sarah Jane. "I want higher wages, shorter hours an' that belt. An' I'm goin' ter hev 'em, too."

"Wal, yer won't git 'em by any sich blamed foolishness as this," observed Silas wrathfully. "Come out an' git us some dinner."

"Git it yerself," retorted Sarah Jane. "Let some of the other animals what's made fer yer comfort wait on yer fer a spell. I ain't a-goin' ter be no drudge no longer fer nuthin'."

"Yer'll starve then, fer I won't give in," threatened Silas. "Yer know me, Sarah Jane, an' yer'll do well not ter try me too far."

"Oh, I guess I won't starve fer a spell nohow," laughed Sarah Jane, "I've got the most of the cold vittles with me."

"Come on, boys," said Silas, exasperated to calmness. "Thar's no use argifyin' now. We'll rustle around an' git us sump'n an' then I'll go git Martha Martin. We'll see who gits the wust of this deal."

Sarah Jane chuckled as they went away.

"Martha is the highest priced an' the most extravagant cook on Sugar Crick," she soliloquized. "Silas couldn't 'a' choosed better. She'll make his hair stan' on end by her waste. He'll give in fust."

Martha Martin was duly installed that afternoon, and then the battle was on. Silas did not go near the spare room for two days, but to his

surprise there was no sign from Sarah Jane either.

"It's the fust time in all our twenty-four year together that she ever defied me," he thought to himself on the evening of the second day as he sat on the porch steps to smoke. Usually he smoked in the kitchen, but Martha Martin was an austere woman who couldn't abide smoke, so he went to the steps. "Mebbe I ortter hev given her that belt. I dunno. She can't help bein' the weaker vessel, I s'pose, an' prone ter vanity. But it seems a sinful waste uv money ter spend it in sich fashion." He refilled his pipe as he mused. "'Tany rate, it 'ud 'a' been cheaper than Martha'll be. I'd better give in on the belt. It will be a savin'."

He entered the parlor and approached the spare room door cautiously.

"Sarah Jane!" he called.

"Well, Silas," replied Sarah Jane.

"Ain't yer about tired uv this an' ready ter come out?"

"No; I ain't," retorted Sarah Jane. "I'm hevin' the fust rest I've had in twenty-four year. I git up when I please, an' lay down the same. No; I ain't tired, Silas Appleton. I'm enjoyin' it."

This last was a trifle too emphatic, but Mr. Appleton's ear was not attuned to nice distinctions.

"Sarah Jane," in a wheedling tone, "you kin hev that belt. Mebbe I wuz too sot agin it."

"I want more than the belt now, Silas," said SarahJane. "I've thought a heap sense I've bin in here, an' I want help in my work same as you hev in yourn. I'm gittin' too old ter slave as I hev done, an' I ain't a-goin' ter do it no more. An' I want sum money fer myself, same as you hev fer your terbacker. 'Tain't no more'n right, Silas. I've helped arn it, ef I an nuthin' but a animal made fer yer comfort."

"You think ye'r' smart, don't yer, a-makin' terms with yer own husband," cried Silas, walking away from the door in a rage.

But he gave more thought to his wife that night than he had done in years. He was a shrewd bargain-driver himself, and in spite of his wrath toward her his respect increased.

The next day passed without incident. The confinement was irksome to Sarah Jane, and she would have gladly capitulated, but she realized that it was now or never. Should she give in it would be to renew with greater force than ever the old habits of sacrifice. On the morning of the fourth day Silas was called from the field to receive his lawyer.

"Mr. Appleton," said the man of briefs genially, "let me congratulate you. We have succeeded in closing up that deal with Murphy for your southwest eighty yesterday, and I have brought the deed to be signed. He gave us your price."

"No! Did he?" cried Mr. Appleton delightedly.

"Yes; we must hurry about the deed though. It is just as well to make the act irrevocable while we can. Men sometimes change their minds. If you will sign it I will go right back."

"All right," said Silas, producing pen and ink.

"Where is Mrs. Appleton?" queried the lawyer. "I hope that she is at home!"

"Yes; no; that is—see here," blurted out the farmer. "I spec' you'll think it's a joke, but I'm in a mess with my wife an' that's the hull uv it."

"Suppose you tell me about it," suggested the lawyer. "We must have her signature, you know."

"Well, I will," said Silas, and he did so, ending with, "an' that's the reason I'll have to shout through the door to get her to sign this. Lord! I hope she won't balk at it."

"If she does, maybe I can persuade her," consoled the other.

"All right, mebbe you can." Silas went to the door. "Sarah Jane!"

"Well, Silas."

"Sarah, Mr. Tracy is here with a deed for that southwest eighty fer Murphy. We air ready fer your signature. Will you jest drop this other fer the time bein' an' sign the deed?"

"How much do you get fer it, Silas?"

"Five thousand dollars, Sarah Jane. It means a hull heap ter us."

"To you, Silas. It won't do me no good. No; I won't sign it lessen you pay me fer it. I ain't never had no money uv my own, an' I won't sign lessen I'm paid fer it."

Silas made a gesture of despair.

"Five thousand dollars lost for the sake uv a fifty-cent belt!" he exclaimed. "Darn it! Women air the peskiest critters that ever breathed."

"Still, Mr. Appleton, your wife has justice on her side. Would you like to work for twenty-four years without a single cent of money?"

"It's different with a man," muttered Silas.

"I hardly think so. I would advise you to ask her how much she wants and if the demand is not exorbitant, accede to it. I should do as she wishes about the other things, too. So fine a woman as your wife, Mr. Appleton, is not apt to be unreasonable. If you should lose her you would not find her equal soon."

"Lose her?" Silas looked up in alarm. "Don't you think she looks well?"

"I haven't seen her today, you know," smiled the lawyer. "But she certainly does work hard, and——"

Silas did not wait for him to finish, but jumping up he approached the door of the spare room hastily.

"How much do you want, Sarah Jane?"

"I want"—Sarah Jane's voice shook as she pronounced the sum in awe-struck tones—"I want five dollars, Silas."

Silas and the lawyer gave sighs of relief.

"All right, Sarah Jane. Come right out. And, Sarah——"

"Yes, Silas."

"I've bin thinkin' over what you've said an' I reckon your'e about right in this matter. I've bin a stingy ole feller, but ef you'll forgive me I'll make it up ter you, and do what yer want."

"Silas!" screamed Sarah Jane, flinging wide the door. "D'ye mean that?"

"Yes, I do, Sarah Jane. And here's the lawyer ter bear witness."

"Well, ef strikes ain't the settlin'est things!" and to her husband's amazement Sarah Jane kissed him right before the lawyer. "I wish I'd 'a' did it long ago."

"But don't let's hev no more lockouts, Sarah Jane."

"No, Silas. Not ef you'll stan' by yer bargain."

"I'm a-goin' to," declared Silas.

Cardinal Gibbons and "The Guardians of Liberty"

ON the back cover of this issue of the Magazine, you will find a telegram from the New York *World*. Read it carefully, before proceeding farther with this article.

To the Jacobs Advertising Agency, of Camden, S. C., I had offered a small advertisement, to be inserted in 50 Protestant denominational papers. The Jacobs people are said to be Presbyterians; and the name would indicate a Hebraic origin. But my advertisement was refused, on the ground that it contained four or five words which would give offence to the Roman Catholic church. Thus, 50 Protestant organs were deprived of business and revenue, out of tender consideration for the Romanists.

* * *

You will see from the back-cover, that I referred the New York *World* to ex-Congressman Charles D. Haines, a man of substance and prominence. Inquiry at Mr. Haine's office developed the fact that General Nelson Miles, General Daniel Sickles, Commodores Baird and Stockton were members of our new organization, "The Guardians of Liberty." Charles Skinner had been; but it appears that he and Mr. Haines could not get on together, and Skinner withdrew from the Order. The manner in which he has since been talking and acting, indicates that he never was fit for any movement requiring nerve, and the robust American spirit. When it transpired that our new order had already enlisted such powerful men, there was consternation among the gentlemen who wear the chemise and the petticoat—which, by the bye, they borrowed from the ancient priesthood of Buddha, who had themselves borrowed it from the so-called "heathen" creeds of the Nile, the Ganges and the Tigris.

* * *

It is stated in the press that Cardinal del Val, from the Vatican, instructed Cardinal Gibbons what to say for publication, concerning The Guardians of Liberty. *Even in a purely American affair, Cardinal Gibbons did not dare to express himself, until he had received HIS ORDERS FROM A LOT OF DECADENT ITALIANS AND A SPANIARD, LIVING IN A FOREIGN LAND!*

* * *

And what did the Cardinal say, after he had got his orders from Italy? He stated that "The Guardians of Liberty" were a revival of the A. P. A., and that the attempt to push such an organization would necessarily fail.

We will see about *that*, Cardinal Gibbons.

Crafty as you are, Cardinal, *you have overdone it*, here of late. You chemise-wearers have gone too far, and exposed your hand, too plainly. All your pomp and parade and lavish display of your ill-gotten wealth, has at length aroused America to her danger. With your *ne temere* decree, you are seen to be breaking up happy homes. With your claim of exemption from civil suits, you have demonstrated your purpose to create a privileged *caste*, in this country. By your everlasting raids on our Federal and State treasuries, you have awakened people to the fact that you seek a union of Church and State. *By your manipulation of such politicians as Taft, Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson*, you have shown your determination to rule this republic.

We have not been altogether blind,

Cardinal Gibbons. *We have watched your pussy-footing, in Washington.* We have seen your stealthy hand pulling the political wires. We have seen you get the Government to trample on the Constitution, by giving you a slice of the national reservation at West Point. We have noticed that you had a Romanist placed at the head of our Military Academy, *from which must come the officers of the U. S. Army.* We have seen you fill the Army and Navy with Romanist chaplains. We have not been unobservant of the fact, that *YOU HAVE BOUGHT THE STRATEGIC POSITIONS, FROM WHICH BATTERIES WOULD HOLD WASHINGTON CITY AT THEIR MERCY.* We have heard the threats of your Archbishop Quigly, your Phelan, your O'Connell, your Father Vaughan and your Cardinal Logue. We have not been neglectful of the growth of your secret *military organization*, the Kights of Columbus. We understand what you are up to, Cardinal Gibbons. We know how you managed to force President Cleveland to receive an ambassador from your Roman church; and we likewise understand how you have managed to keep him here—*at a time when no other nation, excepting Austria, will consent to allow a Papal ambassador to reside in its territory.*

President Taft

Yes, indeed, Cardinal *WE UNDERSTAND YOUR TREACHEROUS, DISLOYAL, DISREPUTABLE, AND UN-AMERICAN GAME.*

And we are going to foil you, completely, Cardinal. You petticoated Irishmen and Italians are not going to

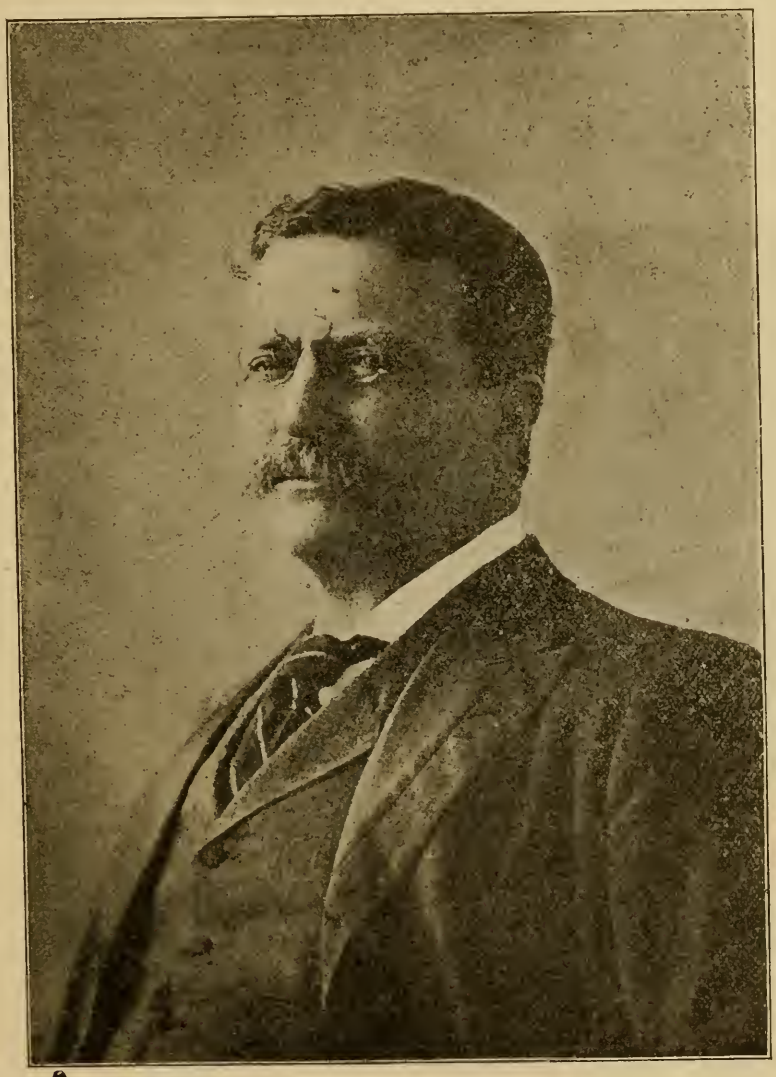
rule this country, no matter how hard you try. *We trouser-wearers are going to drive you chemise-wearers back to your places.*

DETESTED AND DESPISED IN THE OLD WORLD, YOUR EFFETE PAGANISM IS CONCENTRATING ON THIS COUNTRY, where a false sense of security and an exaggerated idea of toleration have given you such leverage.

You are waging war on our Public schools. You seek to paralyze the minds of the young, so that they will not see the frauds and impostures of that ridiculous "faith" of yours.

You want the children to grow up believing in your jackassical doctrine that you can create God out of a rice-wafer.

You want to feed them on the monstrous and blasphemous doctrine that you petticoated hypocrites are Gods, when in the Confessional,

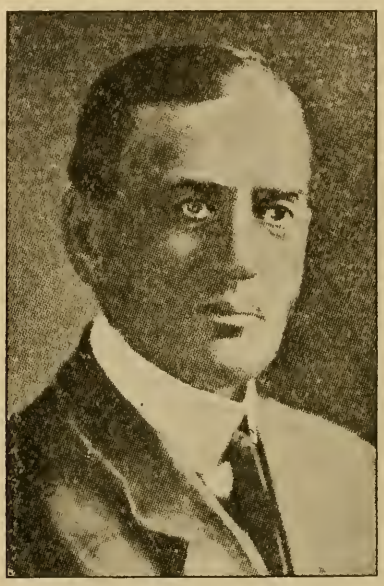


Theodore Roosevelt

You want them to grow up believing that a priest cannot sin, so that when a woman is solicited by one of your lustful gang, she will not be yielding to a mere bull-necked Irishman, or sensual Italian, but to "a holy one of God"—and that therefore, she has done God a service by sacrificing her purity to this "holy one of God."

* * *

Cardinal Gibbons, we want you to let our politics alone. We want you to quit making dirty deals with our



Woodrow Wilson

office-seekers and office holders. We want you to quit trying to control our P. O. Department and our publicity agencies. We want you to quit trying to capture our public holidays for your pagan street processions. We want you to quit trying to boycott the Editors who dare to show you up, and to expose that absurd "faith" of yours to public scorn, contempt and ridicule.

We want you to condemn the greedy priests who sue poor widows for $25, to pay for a funeral sermon.

We want you to condemn the lecherous priests who shield from punishment the priestly debauchers of confiding girls.

Do you ask me for details and a bill of particulars?

I dare you to do it, Cardinal!

* * *

Cardinal Gibbons, come out into the open! Did you not take an oath to persecute Protestants, and all other non-believers in that ludicrous "faith" of yours? Did you not take an oath to blindly obey the Italian Papa, who is "enthroned" in the Vatican? How dare you pretend to be a loyal American, when you are under oath to take orders from a foreign potentate? Could you take the oath of allegiance which every immigrant has to take? Do not your priests regularly "absolve" those Romanist immigrants from that oath of allegiance?

Answer, Cardinal—answer!

* * *

Here follow the principle of our new order, "The Guardians of Liberty:"

First—We declare it to be our unalterable purpose to preserve, defend and forever hold sacred the blood-bought legacy of liberty inherited from our forefathers.

Second—We unite as a non-sectarian, non-partisan moral force for the enactment and enforcement of such laws as will abolish class legislation. We oppose granting to any corporation or combination of individuals preferential rights or privileges which stifle competition, sacrifice the independent business man, or monopolize trade and transportation.

Third—We stand unalterably for the complete separation of church and state.

Fourth—We unite to protect our country and its free institutions from the efforts of any religious-political organization which may attempt to manipulate or influence the political or social development of our country.

Fifth—We concern ourselves with no religious faith, but we take issue

with any church or other organization interfering with established American institutions and civil government.

Sixth—We maintain it to be the right of the state to give free education and public instruction, but the religious instruction of children we hold to be the exclusive duty and prerogative of parents.

Seventh—We are opposed to the use of public funds, local or national, for any religious purpose whatever.

Eighth—We maintain it to be inconsistent with and destructive of free government to appoint or elect to political or military office any person who openly or secretly concedes superior authority to any foreign political or ecclesiastical power whatsovere.

What is wrong in those principles, Cardinal Gibbons?

Answer, Cardinal—answer.

* * *

Some time ago, Cardinal, you had a contemptible little priest, named Lucian Johnson, to publish a vile and bitter libel on me. One of your men brought a copy of it to my door. He insisted upon seeing me; and his conduct was so suspicious that my wife not only refused to admit him, but kept it from me that he was here.

Who was he, Cardinal, and what did he want with me? And how did it happen that practically all of our subscribers received a copy of Lucian Johnson's infamous booklet?

Father Gunn tried to have one of our pressman give his Romanist sweetheart a copy of our mailing-list—which, of course, he would have had to steal. Did the "holy one of God" succeed, Cardinal? He has been made a bishop since.

* * *

Cardinal Gibbons is it not true that your Italian Master, the Papa at Rome, holds to the following articles of faith, and that you hold them, yourself:

The people are not the source of civil power.

The church has the right to exercise its authority without having any limit set to it by the civil power.

The church has an innate and legitimate right to acquire, hold, and to use property without limit.

The pope and the priests ought to have dominion over temporal affairs.

The church and her ecclesiastics have a right to immunity from civil law.

The clergy should be tried for civil and criminal offenses only in ecclesiastical courts.

In case of conflict between the ecclesiastical and civil powers, the ecclesiastical powers ought to prevail.

The church has the right to interfere in the discipline of the public schools, and in the arrangement of the studies of the public schools.

Public schools open to all children for the education of the young should be under the control of the church, and should not be subject to the civil power nor made to conform to the opinions of the age.

While teaching primarily the knowledge of natural things, the public schools must not be separated from the faith and power of the church.

The civil power has no right to assist persons to regain their freedom who have once adopted a religious life—that is, become priests, monks or nuns.

The civil power is inferior and subordinate to the ecclesiastical power, and in litigated questions of jurisdiction should yield to it.

Church and state should be united.

The Roman Catholic religion should be the only religion of the state and all other modes of worship should be excluded.

Cardinal Gibbons, you had better rein in your Phelans who threaten us with "physical force;" your Quigleys who tell us that The Knights of Columbus are drilled, armed and

"ready" for us; and your O'Connells who smile "a terrible smile" when taking an oath, to an Italian in Italy, to persecute Americans who scout and contemn that funny "faith" of yours.

Your petticoated gang started out to boycott this Magazine, and to cow its Editor. You forced the American News Company to annihilate, for awhile, our news-stand circulation. You forced the Washington News Company to do the same thing. You imagined that you would scare me; and your lying "Bulletin"—a secret, cowardly publication—gloated over the assumed fact that I was ruined.

I am not ruined, Cardinal. I am not scared, Cardinal. I am just getting my Anglo-Saxon blood up, Cardinal.

I am a red-headed, red-blooded American, Cardinal.

I brook no insolence from a petticoated Irishman, Cardinal. I am not the least bit afraid of any chemise-wearing Italian, Cardinal.

And there is no discoverable vocabulary which would adequately express the profoundity of my loathing and contempt for that stupid degrading faith of yours, Cardinal.

And, Cardinal, let me tell you another thing:

The fight is on! Your foreign-ruled crowd were the aggressors. You made the first threats. It was you who violated our Constitution by compelling our corrupt and cowardly politicians to receive, officially, an ambassador from your putrified and putrifying church. It was you who organized a secret military organization, and then threatened us with it. It was you who publicly proclaimed your determination to rule this country, and to put it under the filthy feet of an Italian hypocrite. It was you who shackled our press and established a censorship over our telegraph companies. It was you who murdered Ferrer—as Bruno and Huss were murdered—and it was you who threatened legitimate business with destruction because it told the truth on you. It was you who put into the heart of an Irishman, living in this country, to write to an American gentleman the kind of letter, which follows:

485 2nd. St. Brookly, N. Y.
March 11th, 1912.

Thomas E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

Sir:

When I look upon your photograph in the New York World, I can't help telling you what I think of your society, and you in particular. "Guardians of Liberty" ought to be "Deprivers of Religious Liberty." First, your constitution says your society is non-sectarian, then in a veiled way opens a slap at (The one and only church) "The Roman Catholic Church." You call yourself a Christian when I know a bigger heathen never existed on this earth. Of course, as a Catholic, (not prejudiced) I am a good Christian, and feel sorry for you whom I think must be suffering from some kind of a mania peculiar to curs of your make.

Do you know what men of your "make" would do? Cause a revolution between Catholics and Protestants. Your very face denotes how mean, prejudiced and contemptible must be your character. I am Irish-American, and a Roman (so hated by you) and would say, or rather ask: "was it men of your stripe who fought for our liberty in the Revolution, civil, or Spanish war?" You don't seem to realize that Catholics fought for liberty as well if not better than your creed. I don't think you deserve the name of a protestant for you are a disgrace to the great Christian faith.

You were an office holder in our United States government. Well, of all the lamentable figures. Ha, ha, ha, etc. You are a fanatic who ought to be hung as a trouble maker if you get your just punishment. Of course it is need-

less to argue with such a bigoted fellow as you. Your principles though are to keep Catholics down, at any cost. But you never will, and mark my words, you will see the Catholics rule the United States by mere force of numbers within twenty-five years, but

It is laughable to think of your assailing the doctrines of the Roman church which has withstood attacks for centuries and still remain. I could say things about your church too, if I were prejudiced, but I'm not.

I trust God will forgive you, and

Thos. E. Watson

of course not in a bigoted way like you and your associates would do.

Your secretary, Mr. Edwards, thinks Archbishop Ireland has aims on the treasury or laws passed in favor of the Catholic church, simply because he said the Catholics should be well represented in Congress.

Why shouldn't they? They are in force of numbers nearly as strong as your allied protestant religions.

lead you on the right path some day.

Sincerely yours,

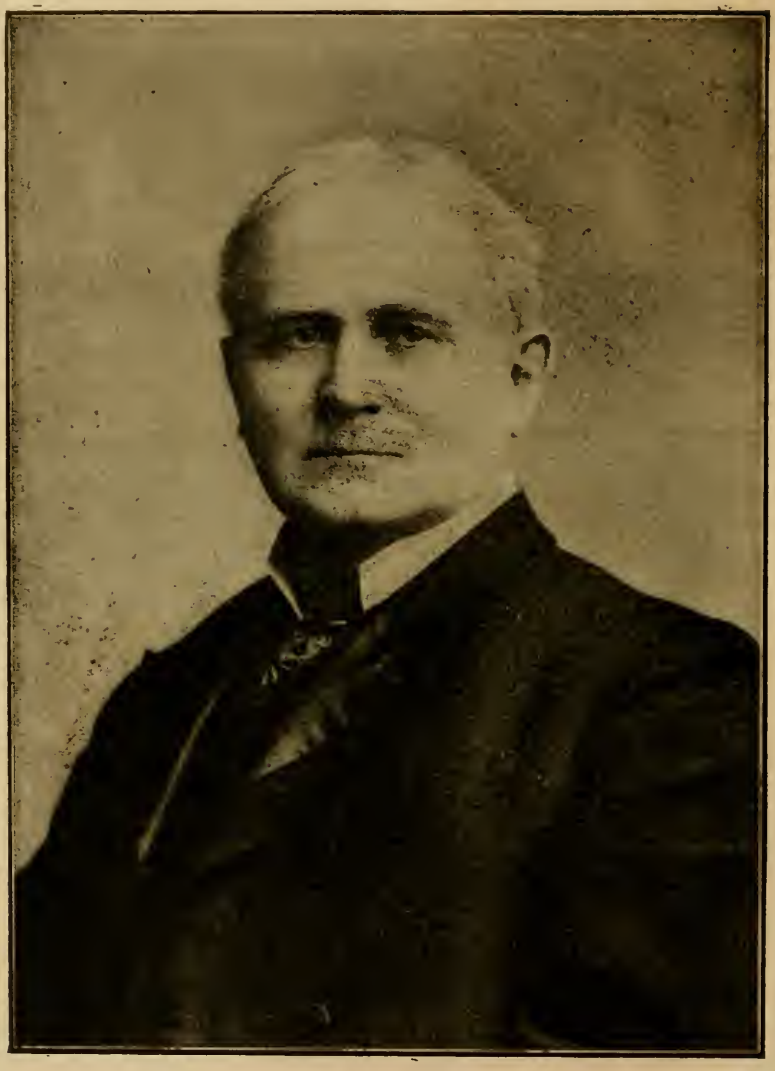
(Signed) Eugene B. A. Kelley.

I really know of nothing more important, in the whole world, than the intense and concentrated efforts now being made by the Romanists to capture England and the United States.

In Italy they have exultantly proclaimed the fact—and it is a fact—that

through the Irish politicians, in the Democratic and Republican parties, they are largely controlling our public affairs. That is absolutely true. Such Republicans as Ed Butler and Chas. J. Bonaparte are the eager slaves of the priests. President Taft is the pliant instrument of the priests. At their behest, he has again violated our Constitution, by permitting religious vestments and symbols to be worn by the Romanist teachers of the Indian schools. Under his influence, the greatest favoritism is shown to the Romanist clerks in the Departments at Washington.

With the Democrats, the situation is the same. Their Murphys and Sullivans and Cochrans and Woodrow Wilsons are under the thumbs of the priests. Bryan dares not open his mouth against Papal aggressions. Champ Clark does not dare do it. None of the great daily papers, of either political party, dares do it.



Champ Clark

Therefore, leaving China about

Victor Hugo

where it was, last month, and all other foreign nations in much the same unsettled, labor-strike conditions, I have ventured to allow the Roman Catholic question to monopolize the space usually given to the Survey—a question which profoundly alarmed Victor Hugo, Gladstone, Gambetta, James Madison and Thomas Jefferson.

Cardinal Gibbons, why does the American Federation of Catholic Societies publish a paper which can only be subscribed for, and read by certified Romanists? No other church does that. Why are you afraid for any but certified Pappycrats to see the "Bulletin?" Your ways are dark, Cardinal.

Through our former Pressman, who bears an Irish name, but who is not a Romanist, I endeavored to subscribe to

Thomas Jefferson and wife

the "Bulletin," whose price is 50 cents a year. Here is the reply:

American Federation of Catholic Societies
National Headquarters: Victoria Bldg.
St. Louis, Mo.
Office of
National Secretary.
St. Louis, Mo., 11-20-11.

R. W. McGinley,
Thomson, Ga.
Dear Sir:

In response to yours of November 17th, wish to state that it will be necessary for us to know the Catholic parish you are a member of, giving the name of the pastor, before we can enroll you as an Associate Member of the American Federation of Catholic Societies.

As soon as we hear from you we will be pleased to forward you an Associate Membership Card and the Bulletins will be mailed you regularly.

Awaiting your response, I am
Respectfully yours,
Frank J. Matre.
General Supervisor of the Associate Membership of the A. F. of C. S.
FJM.—A. G.

Cardinal, I am dealing openly with you: deal openly with me. Tell me what you gentlemen mean by publishing, *in America*, *A SECRET NEWSPAPER*. It smells of treason, Cardinal. It savors of Jesuitism, Cardinal. Which reminds me that you, yourself, are a Jesuit, Cardinal. It was you who compelled President Taft to jump White over the head of Harlan on the Supreme Court of the United States—White being another Jesuit.

You took the frightful Jesuit oath, Cardinal. In your heart you burn to keep that oath, but, as yet, you Jesuits are afraid.

Let me refresh your memory as to that horrible oath, Cardinal.

Here it is;

THE JESUITICAL OATH.

I, ———, now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed St. John the Baptist, the holy apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the saints, sacred hosts of Heaven, and to you, my Ghostly Father, the superior general of ent, do by the womb of the Virgin, the Ignatius Loyola, in the pontincation of the society of Jesus, founded by St. Paul the III, and continued to the presmatrix of God, and the rod of Jesus Christ, declare and swear that his Holiness, the Pope, is Christ's vice-regent and is the true and only head of the Catholic or Universal Church throughout the earth; and that by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to his Holiness by my Savior, Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, and they must be safely destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and his Holiness' right and custom against all usurpers of the heretical or Protestant authority whatsoever, especially the Lutheran Church of Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and the now pre-ended authority and Churches of England and Ssotland, and the branches of the same now established in Ireland, and on the continent of America and elsewhere and all adherents in regard that they may be usurped and heretical, opposing the sacred Mother Church of Rome.

I do now denounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince or state, named Protestant or Liberals, or obedience to any of their laws, magistrates or officers.

I do further declare that the doctrine of the Churches of England and Scotland, of the Calvinists, Huguenots and others of the name of Protestants or Liberals, to be damnable, and they themselves to be damned who will not forsake the same.

I do further declare that I will help, assist and advise all of any of his Holiness' agents, in any place where I shall be, in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England, Ireland or America, or in any other kingdom or territory I shall come to, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant or Liberal doctrines, and to destroy all their pretended powers, legal or otherwise.

I do further promise and declare that, notwithstanding I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the Mother Church's interest; to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels from time to time, as they entrust me, and not divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing or circumstances whatever, but to execute all that should be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you my Ghostly Father, or any of this sacred convent.

I do further promise and declare that I will have no opinion or will of my own or any mental reservation whatsoever, even as a corpse or cadaver (*perinde ac cadaver*), but will unhesitatingly obey each and every command that I may receive from my superiors in the militia of the Pope and of Jesus Christ.

That I will go to any part of the world whithersoever I may be sent, to the frozen regions of the North, to the burning sands of the desert of Africa, or the jungles of India, to the centers of civilization of Europe, or to the wild haunts of the barbarous savages of America without murmuring or repining, and will be submissive in all things whatsoever is communicated to me.

I do further promise and declare that I will, when opportunity presents, make and wage relentless war, secretly and openly, against all heretics, Protestants and Liberals, as I am directed to do, to extirpate them from the face of the whole earth; and that I will spare neither age, sex or condition, and that I will hang, burn, waste, boil, flay, strangle, and bury alive these infamous heretics; rip up the stomachs and wombs of their women, and crush their infants' heads against the walls, in order to annihilate their execrable race. That when the same cannot be done openly, I will secretly use the poisonous cup, the strangulation cord, the steel of the poniard, or the leaden bullet, regardless of the honor, rank, dignity or authority of the person or persons, whatever may be their condition in life, either public or private, as I at any time may be directed so to do, by any agent of the Pope, or Superior of the Brotherhood of the Holy Father of the Society of Jesus.

In confirmation of which I hereby dedicate my life, my soul, and all corporal powers, and with the dagger which I now receive I will subscribe my name, written in my blood, in testimony thereof; and should I prove false or weaken in my determination, may my brethren and fellow soldiers of the militia of the Pope cut off my hands and feet and my throat from ear to ear, my belly opened and sulphur burned therein with all the punishment that can be inflicted upon me on earth and my soul shall be tortured by demons in eternal hell forever.

All of which I, ———, do swear by the blessed Trinity and blessed Sacrament which I am now to receive, to perform and on my part to keep this, my oath.

In testimony hereof, I take this most holy and blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same further, with my name written with the point of this dagger, dipped in my own blood, and seal, in the face of this holy Sacrament.

(He receives the wafer from the Superior and writes his name with the point of his dagger, dipped in his own blood, taken from over the heart.)

Cardinal Gibbons, tell us how you

have managed to fill your Houses of the Good Shepherd with white slaves. What conditions in those dens of infamy caused the two grls to leap from a second-story window, in Washington City? How have you managed to get so many city-court judges to become panders to your white-slave Bastilles?

Cardinal Gibbons, why do you build your convents and your nunneries like huge penitentiaries? Why do you resent the very suggestion that the State have those sinks of iniquity inspected? Why do you build and operate them, as the real Bastilles are operated?

Cardinal you say that your Roman church is not in politics: why is it, then, that your Papa has a secret cipher, as the State Departments of all nation's have? What other church employes a secret cipher, Cardinal?

Not long ago, some disgusted and horrified Romanist revealed the guilty secrets of this secret cipher. Whereupon, there was dismay among the petticoated ones of the Vatican; and they immediately changed the stealthy code which has been in use for 200 guilty years.

You had the old guilty code, Cardinal. Have you been taught the new one?

Cardinal Gibbons, you have been a life-long Jesuist. You are, of course, a celibate. Will you please tell us why 225 women are kept in the Pope's palace in Rome—a palace which contains 1,100 rooms, and is the most gorgeous mansion beneath the skies?

Tell us, Cardinal.

Cardinal, you have been suffering from the Grippe, and an ordinary physician has been trying to cure you, with ordinary medicine. Why is it that you don't work a miracle on yourself with the wrist-bone of Anne, that cures so many sick people, miraculously in New York? Why is it that you and your Italian Papa so often fall sick, after the way of all flesh; and seek restoration to health, after the manner of the common herd?

You and your Papa are Gods on earth, you know; and we cannot understand why the wrist-bone of Anne has no efficacy on you and your Papa. Can you explain this cruel discrimination against you, Cardinal?

Please do.

Cardinal Gibbons, you published in the North American Review, of March, 1909, a most politic and mendaceous article, about that hotch-potch church of yours. That Magazine has been lieing on my table, ever since. I have been waiting to catch your attention, that of the Vatican, and that of the people of this country. The time has come.

In the next issue of this Magazine, I will reply to your article in *The North American Review*. By the time I get through with, you and your article, you will wish you had never written it.

Au revoir, Cardinal.

The End of the Baby Show

WITH this issue of the Watson Magazine, the Jeff Baby Show ends, so far as the showing of the babies pictures is concerned.

There were a number of photographs sent which did not comply in any way with the few, simple rules laid down, and these pictures of course, could not be entered.

Other pictures were sent which failed to give the name or the age of the child; this, of course, handicaps that particular entry when the judges are looking at the pictures.

The judges chosen for the show are not connected in any way with The Jeff, and there will be three, the Reverend Dr. W. H. Young, the Reverend Mr. Timmons and Mr. O. S. Lee.

It will take some time to arrange for the judging, but the winners will be announced in the May Magazine.

Almost enough pictures have been sent in since the date set for the closing of entries, to provide for another Baby Show: several letters have come asking that this be done, but for the present we do not think it wise to start another Baby Show immediately.

We have been asked what the object of the Baby Show was: candidly, it was to interest people in the Magazine who had not known it very intimately, and in this we succeeded.

We have been asked if there was "money in it."

Decidedly not, for the Magazine; the cost of making the plates for the pictures exceeded, in each case, the price of the year's subscription, but if we have made new friends for the Magazine, the outlay was worth it.

In awarding the prizes, the classes of the pictures will be: appearance and development, for age; general points, from an artistic view, of photograph.

The judges will have a hard task, the entries were so many, varied and representing every phase of childish charm and beauty.

It may interest some parents to know that the plates from which the pictures in the Magazine are made, will make lasting and beautiful mementos of the baby. These plates may be treated and, when framed, are magnificent and indestructable copper-plate photographs of the subject. Those which have been shown singly are particularly desirable, and we will be glad to sell them to parents at the exact cost of making, which was one dollar and a quarter.

We will prepare these plates for framing, and would be very glad if each baby who entered The Jeff Baby Show might have this interesting souvenir of their baby days.

The Baby Show editor has learned to love a lot of the entries, and she regrets having to send some of the photographs back, but parents are obdurate, and the pictures will go back, when the judges have made the awards.

There have been delays and accidents in conducting the Baby Show which were unavoidable, but these were not always the fault of the Baby Show Editor.

Indignant letters have come from irate parents because their baby's picture was "grouped" instead of being shown singly. As before stated, many of the pictures so grouped lost nothing of their charm, as the individuality of the child in nearly every instance, was sufficient to make the picture as clear and distinct as though it were alone.

In nearly every undertaking of this sort, it is hard to please every one interested, but the Baby Show Editor did the very best she could, and begs every mother, father, aunt, uncle or grand-parent who sent in a photograph, to believe that every little tot was given a square deal and a fair showing in the matter of exhibit.

THERON DALE STOCKTON,
13 months, Enloe Tex.

BURDETTE HOLLINGSWORTH LANE,
2 years 11 months, Dover, Ga.

MARGARET TRAVIS,
8 months, East Point, Ga.

RUBY BRANCH,
Glennwood, Ga.

1, William Rowe, 2 years 6 months; Jack Rowe, 7 months, Winter, Ga.; 2, Leslie C. Ditly, 3 years, Appleton City, Mo.; 3, Thomas Chester Ergle, 2 years 6 months, Douglasville, Ga.; 4, Neva Louise Roberts, 1 year; Earl Stanton Roberts, 3 years, Sherman, Calif.; 5, T. W. Johnson, Grifton, N. C.

1, Curtis Ward Sloan, 3 years, Pleasant Shade, Tenn.; 2, Hugh Smith, 1 year, Guion, Tenn.; 3, Thos. Hody Morris, 1 year, Collinsville, Ala.; 4, Mary Evelyn Payne, 12 months, Ashland, Ga.; 5, Margaret Eleanor Graham, 9 months, Nashville, Tenn.; 6, Mary Ruby Whitaker, 20 months, Tennille, Ga.; 7, Nannie Penton, 2 years 9 months, Lost Cabin, Wyo.; 8, Erwin Lamar Fry, Clarkesville, Ga.; 9, Carolyn Zeigler, 15 months, Zeigler, Ga.; 10, R. B. Roach, Headrich Okla.; 11, Willis Washington Holt, 1 year 11 months, Bingen, Ark.; 12, Edith Taylor, 1 year 2 months, Hamilton, Tex.

1, Herman Benton Brown, 8 months, Hillsboro, Tex.; 2, Jimmie Battles, 14 months, Attalla, Ala.; 3, Horace Lee Crenshaw, 7 months, Eastanolla, Ga.; 4, Ralph L. King, Jr., 3 1-2 months, Commerce, Ga.; 5, Mary Geneva McCollum, 7 months, Clarkesville, Ga.; 6, Frank Harvel New, 11 months, Harrison, Ga.; 7, Marvin Byron Sugley, 8 months, Vineland, Ala.; 8, Jesse Jewel Hanson, 9 months, Ashland, Ala.; 9, Ruth Watson Willoughby, Douglasville, Ga.; 10, Zelda Yarbrough Webb, 7 months, Atlanta, Ga.; 11, Howard Turner Power, 2 years 7 months, Elberton, Ga.; 12, J. C. Morley, Baldwin, Ga.

THE MASONS AND THE ROMAN HIERARCHY.

My Dear Mr. Watson: I have been requested, by members of the Masonic Fraternity, to ask you to explain "Why the individual and Roman Catholics collectively, have such a violent hatred for the Masonic order." There is, presumably some specific reason, based on some particular event in history, or it may be, that to become a Mason, Roman Catholicism's obligation would have to be subordinated. Judging from the interest among Masons here, the Masons of the entire country would read with delight, your explanation.

Your friend,

Dublin, Ga. C. H. KITTRELL.

Answer.

The question opens a very large subject:

Jealousy and resentment are the mainsprings of Rome's rabid animosity against the Masonic order.

There is no doubt that the fraternity existed at the time of the building of the Pyramids—perhaps much earlier. Therefore, **the Roman Hierarchy is a modern organization, by comparison with the Masons.** Hence, the Romanists are jealous, for they wish to be thought the oldest of institutions.

This jealousy, however, is of recent date, historically speaking. Even so late as the Middle Ages, when the Masons built so many of those Cathedrals that are the pride of Europe, and which seem to defy the ravages of Time, the Masons were specially favored by Roman Pontiffs.

But as Roman pretensions advanced, a chasm gradually opened between the two great organizations. **The Masonic Lodges became the only refuge of Free Speech**—and Rome hates Free Speech.

Behind the closed doors of the lodges men could speak of priestly debauchery, monkish crimes, and the rapid growth of degrading superstitions. NOWHERE ELSE COULD THIS BE DONE. Outside the lodges, a reign of terror prevailed. Kings on their thrones dreaded the blighting Interdict, which caused other Kings to cut off every friendly relation; and private citizens dreaded the excommunication which isolated the victim, as though he were a leper to be shunned by friend and relative and wife and child.

But, **in the Masonic lodges Rome was powerless;** and therefore Rome bitterly resented **THESE INDEPENDENT LITTLE REPUBLICS,** in which her voice was not supreme.

Later on, when such Kings as Louis XIV. arrogantly declared in effect that he was the State; and when the Romanists of the Sorbonne advised him that all the property of his subjects was his, and that he could make the taxes as heavy as he choose, the Masons began to agitate for reform. They were the Democrats of the 17th and 18th Centuries.

They had a great part in bringing about Republican institutions in Europe. They were the most effective instruments in overthrowing the Temporal Power of the Popes. Without their secret societies, we might not have had a French Revolution; and we certainly would not have had a united Italy, with an humbled Papa at Rome.

Many unworthy men become Masons, just as many wolves in sheep's clothing grunt in the Amen Corner of Churches, but the Masonic Order, itself, deserves profound resect and gratitude.

No institution in this world has so long and so glorious a record. T. E. W.

OSCAR UNDERWOOD IS NOT BIDDING FOR ROMAN FAVOR.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson.

Dear Sir: I have read an address delivered by Hon. Oscar W. Underwood before the Catholic Club, of New York city. He finds fault with the Initiative, Referendum and Recall, and as the Prelates of the Catholic Church denounce that measure, do you think that address was a bid for Catholic support?

Yours truly,

R. B. CARL LEE.

Answer.

No. The Club is political, not religious. Tammany Hall is under the control of the

Romanists, and generally dictates Democratic candidates and platforms. Bryan and Woodrow Wilson dare not utter a word against Romanist encroachments.

T. E. W.

IS THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY OF THE NATION BOYCOTTING WATSON'S MAGAZINE AT THE DEMAND OF PAPAL PRIESTS?

Hon. Thomas E. Watson,
Thomson, Georgia:

Sir: Is the public Library of Congress boycotting Watson's Magazine upon the demand of Papal Priests?

I was told, this afternoon, by a friend of yours, that he had been told this morning, that instead of Watson's Magazine being in it's allotted space on a table in the Library of Congress, there was a notice that it might be obtained on inquiry. I wanted to see, with my own eyes, so I went and have just returned to my rooms, and am now writing you this, 11th March, 1912, 10:30 p. m., of this apparent Congressional Library boycott of you as I did of Washington News Company's same nefarious traffic one hot night last June.

In the newspaper and magazine reading rooms of the Library of Congress, I found on a table placards "Table No. 3, General Literature American and English," an empty space, on lower margin of which was "Watson's" but Watson's Magazine was not there, though this notice was:

"Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine, may be obtained by applying to the attendant at the desk."

I went over to the attendant's desk and asked: "Why do you discriminate against Watson's Magazine?" "We don't." Q. "Why then, is it not on the table instead of a notice that it can be obtained at yours?" A. "Well, we have not had it since before December. You see the Roman Catholics objected to it, and we have not been able to get copies of it. I think the Roman Catholics felt so much aggrieved over Watson's attack, that they bought up the whole edition, and so we could not get any here." Q. "Isn't the Library a subscriber?" A. "Well it never came on time. We wrote to Mr. Watson today for back numbers of his Magazine from December to complete our files. We have had at least ten calls for it today." Q. "What do you think the cause of the ten calls today?" A. "Well, there is something in the newspapers today about Watson's Magazine and some society's attack on the Catholics, the callers said." Of course I understood, as I had read of it in three columns in today's **New York World**, and a half column in **The Washington Post.**

I asked: "How do you know the Papists bought up Watson's Magazine?" A. "Well, I don't know, but from the way they talked and that we could not buy any here, I thought so."

I said: "If the Papists said or intimated any such thing, they simply lied. The truth of it is, they maliciously and unlawfully got them held up here in **THE WASHINGTON NEWS COMPANY.** They then falsely circulated reports that the United States Government was doing it. I, myself, found that out and was the first to bring it to the attention of Mr. Watson. The Washington News Company is an agency of a greater one in New York under the direction of which the Washington branch acted. These agencies of control and cocercian of the Papists, at first delayed delivery and at last, denied it. For months before their absolute denial last May of June issue of **Watson's** they obstructed delivery by delay, giving out false reports to dealers, and the dealers innocently to the public, that Watson's had not come, was late, and, at last, was denied the mails, and they could not get it, when the news company, itself, was getting it by express. Their object was to destroy Watson and his publications. It was Jesuitically diabolical, but a common thing in their stock and trade. I, myself, for months before May, 1911, was told by the news dealers of Washington City, of "Watson's" coming so irregularly, and always late, that it did not pay to handle it. One of them told me he had put it on the "Tramp" class. "How is that?" I asked. "Well, it is never on time, and I have so much trouble in getting it, that I am about ready to drop handling it." By this time, July, 1911, the Papists had completely eliminated delivery through The Washington News Company, acting under direction from New York. So I said to this news dealer: "I can get Watson's nowhere in Washington. About fifty of us have clubbed together and get it direct from him by express. Will you handle it at half its fixed price?" Answer:

"I will, indeed—will be glad to." I said: "You understand that the Roman Catholics will drop down on you like a load of brick." Answer: "Yes, but I don't mind that."

"Well," I responded, "in a short while you will have one hundred copies of Watson's, and though it is late in the month, I believe you can readily sell all." In the course of time Watson's Magazine arrived and on passing by, I saw them displayed. A week later, I dropped in and Watson's was not in window.

"Why?" I asked." "My God, man, the Catholics came in droves and demanded I quit. I did not know so many of them were my customers. I simply had to quit, or go out of business."

All that is changed now. The power of the free press is the greatest of all powers. It appeals to reason. The American people are not yet quite papalized. They have been on the border of it by passivity and fear of hurt of business and sentimental mawkishness about feelings. But they are awakening to the fact that the time is at hand to fight or be overrun. They are going to fight. Watson—courageous and dauntless—is pioneer captain and leader, and has done noble and great work. God preserve him for more and greater a long, long time. Ah; the power of the free press is great. Watson set forth his persecution by the Papists and his friends rallied around him. All responded with money as well as work and talk. The result is, Watson's publications are on sale in Washington City—the city of all, where freedom should be—and now you can get all of Watson's Magazines you wish, the Library of Congress may wish, at Burwell's Universal News Agency, 509 F. Street, N. W., Washington City.

I then asked: "Is it not a fact, that the Roman Catholics have made demand upon the Librarian of this Nation's public library to keep Watson's off the reading tables?"

"No, as I have said, we could not get it here, and we have not carried it on our table since November, last. After Watson's articles against the Roman Catholics commenced, we found it hard to keep his magazine on the table." "Why?" I asked.

"Well, it was first mutilated and then stolen." I answered: "What a grave commentory on freedom, if it were in the hands of absolutism. The papal priests are responsible. Why next to that blank space over there, with notice that Watson's may be obtained at your desk, is 'The Tablet,' the Jesuitial organ of England, and not far away 'America,' the Jesuitical organ of the United States Papists, and each contains matter striking at free institutions, including our own most valued principle of government of operation of church and state."

That principle is as sacred to me as to them the tenets of their church. Yet, I do not feel like mutilating or stealing those Jesuitic magazines. Instead, I read them with interest to see how dangerous an element is powerfully rising among us in attempted destruction of our birthright of liberty. They will never succeed, but we will have to fight them, and after awhile banish them as political plotters and of treasonable taint and designs. But as lovers of freedom, we will let their "Tablets" and "Americas" rest along side of our Watson's, and by reading all, enjoy our liberty and freedom awhile longer than by reading their fulminations alone.

But as proof of us discrimination against Watson's Magazine by the Librarian of its Library of Congress—the National Public Library—at the threat of the Jesuits,—it may be well, sir, that you at once determine that point, by direct official inquiry. It is midnight, and I close.

WASHINGTON STUDENT.

Comment:

It is true, that the Librarian wrote me for back numbers, and our circulation department was immediately instructed to comply with the request. This was several months ago. T. E. W.

A SCHOOL GIRL ASKS INFORMATION ON PANAMA CANAL.

My Dear Mr. Watson: I am a school girl and a reader of **The Jeffersonian.**

I always look in your paper for all the information I want.

I wish to thank you for your talks on woman suffrage and the tariff.

Now, Mr. Watson, there is another topic that I wish you to discuss in the next issue of your Magazine and that is, "Should the Panama Canal be fortified?" Do you think it should be? Please give your reasons. We girls are thinking about debating on this subject, and we are all for the affirmative.

With best wishes, I am,

ANNIE LEE WORLEY.

Pine Log, Ga., March 11, 1912.

Answer.

The Suez Canal is not fortified, and the Panama Canal should not be. The objections are:

(1.) The suspicious spirit which we thereby show, will certainly turn the rest of the world against us.

(2.) The cost of maintenance will be prodigious.

(3.) The spirit of militarism will be vastly strengthened.

The Canal should be thrown open to all Nations, on equal terms—as the Suez Canal is—and we should charge tolls, in order that we may get some return on the huge investment. Before we are done with it, that ditch will have cost us a billion dollars, to say nothing of maintenance. I have my doubts as to whether they will ever be able to control the Chagres River—which crosses the Canal—or the Culebra Cut where the land slides so badly, and where volcanic developments may be encountered. T. E. W.

A PRIMITIVE BAPTIST TAKES EXCEPTION TO MAGAZINE ARTICLE.

Dear Sir: Being a regular reader of both of your **Jeffersonians,** I am taking the privilege of calling to your attention

some vital errors just found in the March issue current volume of Watson's Magazine, written by "Josiah Henry Combs" on "Some Phases of the Kentucky Highlands." Now this writer is of no mean ability, and in many things and conditions mentioned, he is possibly very near correct, but when he undertakes to tell your readers what is believed by the Primitive Baptist, he steps "clean off of the cloth" and says "many of these people (Primitive Baptist) believe in infant damnation."

Now in this, he deliberately or unknowingly, misrepresents the Primitive Baptist; because this accusation is utterly false. No Primitive Baptist ever has, at any time, advocated such a tenent and was one found who entertained any such untenable a position, he would at once, be withdrawn from as an heretic. As a matter of course, those who envy the Bible's position occupied by the Primitive Baptist, have, all the while, made this and many other false accusations against these humble Saints, but remember these thrusts all originate and come from those who wish to mislead and not from our own people. Surely the Primitive Baptists should know for themselves, what they believe, and what they hold to in faith doctrine and practice, and they have in all ages, refuted this above accusation—you will not find it mentioned by speaker or author among our people, only to refute the false assertion so often indulged in by our would-be traducers. We do believe in Predestination, because the Scripture and our experience bear even witness thereto. We do oppose this modern foreign mission movement because the Bible and our experience does not bear it and (we positively do not oppose education nor progress along all legitimate lines of endeavor), and we do wash the Saints' feet because we find that Christ says: "Ye also ought to wash each others feet," and because we hope we love Christ and His Word and His people and are willing to obey Him. I advise Mr. Combs to secure and read a true history of the Primitive Baptist, by Elders C. B. and S. Hassell; (address S. Hassell, Williamston, N. C.). Other people are allowed to set forth what they believe, and now be fair Mr. Combs, read for yourself and don't take heresay for facts. Let me once more say, that the Primitive Baptists do not now, nor ever have, believed or preached infant destruction, but the reverse. J. W. JONES.

Marshville, N. C.

ROGER WILLIAMS AND THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.:

My Dear Sir: In the "Educational Department" of your Magazine for February, you state that Roger Williams organized the first Baptist church in America. Will you please give us your authority for this assertion in the next issue of your Magazine?

Yours devotedly,
A. H. RODEN.

Chalk Mountain, Texas.

Answer.

If you will examine any full history of the United States or any standard cyclopedia, the Biography of Roger Williams, or the history of Roger Williams, you will find authority for the statement to which you refer.

There were Baptists in Virginia before Roger Williams was driven out of Massachusetts, but these Virginia Baptists were not permitted to establish a church as Roger Williams was at R. I.

The Virginia Baptists were persecuted by the Church of England, of Virginia, in which colony the church of England was not only established, but united to their State, as in old England.

Very severe penalties were provided by law against all who were not members of the English church; and, the death penalty was to be imposed upon any who denied the orthodox faith in the Truity and the Plan of Salvation.

T. E. W.

AS TO THE FORGED CHAPTER IN THE BIBLE.

Dear Sir:

I regret to note that in an article in the last issue of your magazine, the Jeffersonian, you allow your zeal against Catholicism to carry you to the point of attacking the authenticity of the 21st chapter of St. John in our Bible.

Now, notwithstanding your great reputation as a deep thinker and fair debater, I would modestly like to call your attenttion in the examination of this chapter to a few points which you seemed to have overlooked or forgotten. Your object in attacking this particular chapter, I presume, is to destroy the pre-eminence which it apparently gives to Peter among the deciples, and upon which theory rests the Catholic faith. Now, if that had been my object, I should have jumped on the 16th. Chapter and 15th. verse of St. Matthew, in which Christ asks Peter, whom do men say I am? And Peter replies, thou art the Christ, the son of the living God. And Christ says to him, flesh and blood have not revealed this to you, but my Father which is in Heaven. Thus, plainly intimating that Peter had received a special revelation from God, above what other men had received, and further says to him, Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. I give into your hands

the keys of Heaven and earth, and whatsoever you bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever you loose on earth, shall be loost in Heaven.

It is very strange to me that you accept these words as the language of Christ himself , spoken directly to Peter and which evidently gave him far more pre-eminence than the one which you reject as only giving account of a pleasure jaunt. However, since you have seen fit to concentrate your fire on this particular chapter, let us examine it calmly and dispassionately and see if it was a pleasure jaunt. Every school boy knows that Christ chose his desciples from out the ranks of the poor and generally, the ignorant. His very language to them next morning after they had toiled all night and caught nothing, "Children have you any meat?" shows that this work which you characterize as a pleasure jaunt, was to them a dire necessity to get something to eat. So, much then, as to the object of this fishing trip.

Now, let us look at its probability. The beautiful and benign term of "children" applied to a lot of tired and hungry men, was so much in accordance with the loving, sympathetic Savior, that you misquote the passage, and make it read, "Lads, have you any meat?" to give it a slang and indifferent sound, and is not the act of jumping out of the boat into the sea, recorded of Peter in this same chapter which you deny in exact accord with the impulsive character of Peter, who, on another occasion, whipped out his sword and smote off the ear of the servant of the High Priest? But you say, was Christ hungry? Would he have eaten? Be this as it may, it is highly probable that the deciples were hungry who had "toiled all night and taken nothing." And Christ could have eaten with them to show his loving sympathy and companionship, as he ate and drank with them at his last supper, to show forth his broken body and shed blood until he came again. But you say if Christ had been on the shore, the deciples would have known him. Why did Thomas who was in the same room with him have to feel the nail prints in his hands and thrust his hand into his side before he recognized him Why did Mary in the garden who was so near as to be about to touch him fail to recognize him until he had said to her "Mary?"

I notice some of your quotations from this chapter do not agree with either the Catholic or protestant bibles, as, for instance, for Christ's invitation "come and dine," you have substituted, "Come and have your breakfast"—set up in quotation marks as a literal and direct quotation. You have made a similar disposition of his tender inquiry, "Children, have you any meat?" by substituting, "Lads, have you any meat,"—marked also as a literal and direct quotation.

Now, if you were not quoting from either the Catholic or Protestant Bibles, pray! from what were you quoting? From old manuscripts? If so, what manuscripts? Was it the Latin vulgate, the Talmud or the Septuagint? In what languages were the expressions? Were they in Latin, Hebrew, Greek, Syric, Chaldeaic, or Sanscrit?

Please give us the words in any of these languages, in any of these old manuscripts that would justify a variation from both the Catholic and Protestent versions. If the Catholics had wanted to make the Bible favorable to themselves, what was to hinder those pious monks in their cells, during the fifteen hundred years they were its sole custodians, from making any change that they needed and yet, although the whole fabric of the Catholic faith is built on the hypothesis that Peter sat as Popé twenty-five years at Rome, you cannot show even from the Catholic Bible, that he was ever at Rome during his life. Now, if their consciences were strict enough to restrain them from making any change so vital to themselves as this. I for one, Protestant, am willing to give them credit for having equally as much conscience in the episode of the fishing trip which you burlesque as a mere pleasure jaunt, but which is to me one of the most beautiful and beneficent miracles of our Lord, and one which will ever redound to the eternal glory and honor of His name. I am still content with the old King James version which required the services, of over fifty of the ablest and most conscientious scholars that King James could find, three years to complete, and which has carried its mutiplied millions on to glory, and wish to maintain intact the path where saints have trod. And with all due respect, think you would do well to remember that fearful admonition from holy writ, that to him who shall add to this book, plagues shall be added to him, and to him that shall take away it, his name shall be taken out of the Lamb's Book of life.

Yours very truly,
J. W. RUTHERFORD, JR.
Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 13, 1912.

Answer.

(1.) No power was given to Peter that was not bestowed upon the other disciples. Any one who has studied the Gospels, knows this, Mr. Rutherford, Jr.

(2.) Christ meant "faith," when he spoke of building His church upon a rock. Again and again, the word, "rock," is used in the Bible; and it invariably carries the same meaning. All Bible students know this, Mr. J. W. Rutherford, Jr.

(3.) Christ did not use the phrase,

"Children have ye any meat?" The word of salute is properly translated, "Lads," or "Young men," or "Youths," or "boys."

The word "children" includes both sexes, and is never properly applied to either boys, or girls when addressed separately. If Christ had used "the beautiful and benign term **"children,"** to a group of men, He would have been wrong in His Philology, Mr. Rutherford, Jr.

(4.) My quotation was taken from "The Bible in Modern English," by Ferrar Fenton, a work of the highest repute among scholars.

The King James version has thousands of mistranslations in it—as every student knows. Mr. Rutherford seems to be in his novitiate, so far as Biblical love is concerned. His superficiality, and almost aboriginal ignorance, are refreshing in these days of search-light investigations.

I wonder what Mr. Rutherford thinks was the real word that was used, in the original Mss., where we now have Abraham's **"thigh."**

(5.) If Mr. Rutherford derives comfort, consolation and holy joy in the belief that Christ ate roasted fish, before ascending to Heaven, I would not have the cruelty to rob him of his pious pleasure. Will he permit me to suggest that, instead of making the fishermen happy by eating with them the forger might have represented Him as taking each one of them in His loving embrace, and giving each one the farewell kiss of peace and love.

(6.) According to the 21st. John, the risen Savior, after calling the men to their breakfast, talked to none but Peter; **and bade none of them farewell.**

As Christ had already eaten the Last Supper with His disciples, there was no need of this last breakfast. It is a repulsive, incredible invention.

(7.) Mr. Rutherford believes he asks a troublesome question, when he inquires why the Romanists did not make other changes in the Bible to support their claims. The answer is easy and convincing: The Roman Catholics themselves were true to Bible standards, for ages after the Crucifixion. The churches were little democracies, each ruling its internal concerns, and choosing its officers.

It was after the combination between the Emperor Constantine and the Christian church, that Romanism began to develop.

Even after this, centuries passed by, before the Bishop of Rome assumed the Popedom, which the paganism of Numa had established. And even then, the Primacy of Peter had not been set up.

The first Christian church in Rome was named after the beloved disciple, John. Later, Peter was chosen.

By that time, the world had learned so much about the Bible, that it could not be sweepingly altered. But the priests did the next best thing, for themselves—**they made it a crime for the laity to read the Bible, and to have one in the house, WAS AN OFFENSE THAT WAS CRUELLY PUNISHED.**

(8.) When Mary failed to recognize Christ—if she did—she was not expecting to see Him alive. When Thomas doubted, he had not before seen the risen Lord. But the 21st. John tells us that those fishermen at the Sea of Tiberias had already seen Christ twice. According to this, those disciples enjoyed the power of appearing, simultaneously, in two different places. We are told that **they were seen to enter the Temple, daily, immediately and continuously after Christ's resurrection.** Yet the forger tells us, they disobeyed the positive command of the Lord, and went afishing.

(9.) Mr. Rutherford considers that this "I-go-afishing" chapter "is one of the most beautiful and beneficient miracles of our Lord."

Well, it may be. But this catch of 130 fish doesn't kindle my enthusiasm, some how. There was no cold-storage in those days; and I don't understand what use those men could have made of 130 fish, caught in hot weather, and far away from any market. Beyond eating a few good "baits" themselves, those fishermen could not use the catch for any beautiful and beneficient purpose. Besides, there was already a fish-fry in progress, on the shore, before the 130 were netted. So far as I can make out, Christ fed these men on the fish and bread, that were on the coals; and the 130 were not used at all.

When Mr. Rutherford, Jr., says the catching of 130 fish is a miracle "which will ever redound to the eternal glory and honor of His name," Mr. Rutherford, Jr., loses all sense of proportion.

(10.) Mr. J. W. Rutherford, Jr., warns me of the direful consequences that may befall me, for using my common sense on the Bible. Thank you, kindly, Mr. J. W. Rutherford, Jr.

Do you, by any happy chance, know "Miss Jennie C. Morrissey, care Liberty Mills?" She also lives in Nashville, and

it just occurred to me, that you were cut out to be her twin-brother.

(11.) Mr. Robert H. Pearce, Thomson, Ga., **has an old Bible in which the word, "Amen," appears at the end of the 20th. Chapter of John's glorious Gospel. THAT'S WHERE JOHN CLOSES HIS BOOK,** Mr. J. W. Rutherford, Jr. The 21st. Chapter is a very stupid forgery, Mr. J. W. Rutherford, Jr.

Hereafter before you tender your advice to an older man, consult some sensible person whom you believe to take some sympathetic interest in you.

I guess this will do, for this time, Mr. J. W. Rutherford, Jr.

By the way, Mr. J. W. Rutherford, Jr., you might devote some of your valuable time to learning how to spell so common a word as "disciple."

It pains me to see you spell it, repeatedly, "**deciple**," Mr. J. W. Rutherford, Jr.

T. E. W.

AS TO LAND TAXES.

Mr. Thos. E. Watson,
Editor Watson's Magazine,
Thomson, Ga.:

Dear Sir: Do you believe a tax on land values as set forth by Henry George and his followers, would be a good thing for the people if applied in America. If so, why? If not, please state your reasons. Knowing that you have given economic questions due deliberation, also from your experience and position, your opinion would be of great value at this present time. Kindly reply through the columns of your Magazine; next issue if space permits, and oblige.

Yours truly,
JAS. SCOTT.

Answer.

There is no justice in placing all the expense of government on real estate. This is an age of stocks, bonds, mercantile paper and so forth.

In other words, personal property exceeds in value, lands and houses. The railroads of the United States are carrying a face valuation of $18,000,000,000. The Morgan syndicate of banks control over two billion dollars of money. The Steel Trust has floated more than two billion dollars of securities. The Rothschilds, of Europe, own no landed investments, but control as many stocks and bonds as the American railways do.

Where would be the sense in leaving all of this illimitable wealth untaxed? Even now, real estate is so burdened with taxes of different sorts,—municipal, county and state, that in many parts of the world it is unprofitable to own land owing to the changes in the currents of trade or travel, there are many parts of the larger streets in many cities of the world, where lots and buildings have practically no value. Not only in the Southern States, such as Virginia, Indiana, Georgia, can land be purchased for less than the cost of the improvements on them, but this is true of New England and even of New York itself.

Within a few miles of the great metropolis there are abandoned farms which no one will own.

Therefore, I think it utterly unjust to establish a system from which the government would derive its revenue alone, demanding no contribution from such securities owned by such men as Carnegie, Rockefeller, Harriman estate, Gould estate, Vanderbilt family, Guggenheim's, etc.

T. E. W.

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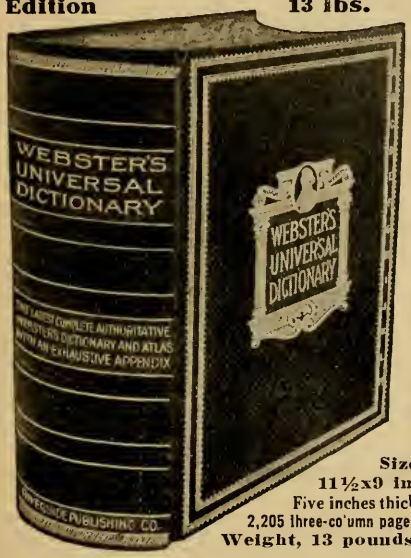

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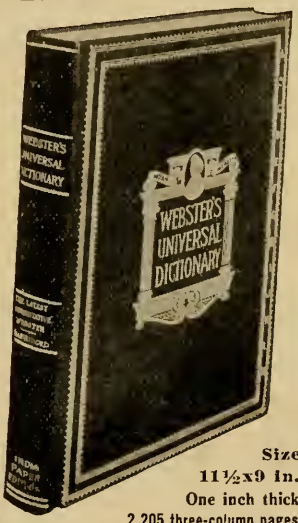

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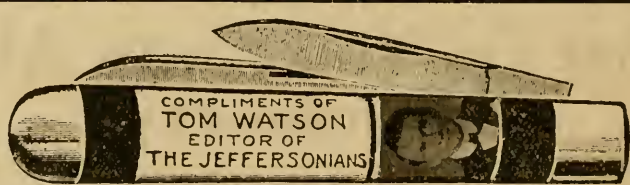

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